The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1887.

The Week.

A REPUBLICAN organ, commenting upon the appeal to the Supreme Court in the Virginia debt controversy, says that "the only chance of a decision in favor of repudiation lies in Mr. Cleveland's hands," and that "if he will appoint a judge like Mr. Lamar, there may be a majority of one for a revocation of the original decision." A better way of putting it would be that the original decision may be revoked if Mr. Cleveland will appoint a judge like Chief-Justice Waite, Justice Miller, Justice Bradley, or Justice Gray, all Northern Republicans, who voted "in favor of repudiation," and were only prevented from making it the verdict of the tribunal by the fact that the single Democratic justice, Mr. Field, voted with the other four Republican justices in opposition. If the court finally decides "in favor of repudiation," it will not be because Mr. Cleveland appoints a Southern Democratic justice who votes that way, but because Lincoln, Grant, and Arthur appointed four Northern Republican justices who set him the example.

Senator Sherman has made another "great speech" in Ohio, but we scan it in vain for any reference to the vital issue of nullification—nullification by Ohio people, Republicans as well as Democrats, of the law passed by the last Legislature giving colored children the right to attend the white schools. If such outrages upon negroes had been committed anywhere in the backwoods by Southern whites as have occurred during the past month in college towns of Ohio, the Republican press and the Republican stump speakers would have flamed with indignation against a section so lost to all sense of justice; but neither Foraker, nor Sherman, nor any other Republican orator, nor any Republican organ, so far as we have seen, has uttered a word in condemnation of this barbarism. The hypocrisy of the pretence of Republican politicians that they feel an unselfish interest in the negro, was never before made so plain.

The dissensions among the Knights of Labor, which are causing a terrible internal conflict in the "General Assembly" of that order at Minneapolis, show that it would have been most unwise to hand over the Government of the United States to Mr. Powderly last year, or even let him revise the Constitution. They show, too, that the transfer of all the land, mines, and machinery of the country to "Labor," to be managed by a committee composed of the Powderlys, Barrys, Quinns, and the like, would probably not succeed in banishing poverty and making happiness equal and universal. We hope that clergymen and philanthropists whose imaginations have been touched by the George and Powderly rant are carefully reading the reports of the doings and sayings of these labor organizations; and while doing so, we trust they will bear in mind that the Socialistic world they dream of is one which the managers of these bodies would govern or try to govern. They surely must ask themselves how long civilization would last under such a régime, and be thus helped in getting hold of the central idea of sociology—that the social organization is and must always be what human character makes it, and not one whit better.

The municipal election in Newark furnished an excellent test of the strength of the Labor party. The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, one of its noisiest leaders, was nominated for Mayor; Henry George lent his assistance; the Democratic candidate was supposed to be objectionable to the party on personal grounds—in short, the circumstances appeared so favorable that the more sanguine talked of carrying the city. A full vote was polled, but Pentecost received only 1,861 ballots out of a total of 25,594; in other words, the Labor candidate was supported by only 14 out of every 100 voters in a city where the proportion of laboring men is very large. There was a curious parallel between the Newark election and the Indianapolis election the same day. In Indianapolis also there was a Labor candidate for Mayor, but he received only 1,455 votes out of a total of 20,700, which was almost exactly the same proportion as the 1,861 out of 25,594 in Newark. These simultaneous exposures of the party's weakness in the East and in the West can hardly fail to exert a discouraging influence in this State.

Mayor Hewitt said some very useful things last week at the opening of the club-house of the Bricklayers' Union No. 7. This Union is one of the most prosperous in the city, largely owing to conservative ways of talking and acting, and is the first of the unions to own its club-house. Mayor Hewitt pointed out that continual striking is the mark of the rawest stage of trades-unionism. The unions, he said, like children, "go through a dental period, and the first thing they do is to show their teeth." In England, where the labor organizations are older and better managed than anywhere else, during the first fifty years nearly all their money was expended on strikes. But now all that is changed, and 97 per cent. of their funds go into charity and mutual help. The same tendency, Mr. Hewitt said, appears in this country. In 1880 the greater part of the money contributed to trades-unions treasuries was expended in strikes. In 1885 only 12 per cent. of it was expended in this way, and the remainder went in benefits and mutual help. Mr. Hewitt predicted that in five years from now only 2 per cent. of the union revenues would be expended in strikes. But in order to reach this consummation many of the unions will have to slough off the striking or turbulent element, as the Bricklayers' Union No. 7 had to do nine or ten years ago. The men who are constantly thinking of strikes, and getting up strikes, and looking out for reasons for striking, are seldom good workmen or a valuable part of any organization. The constitutional striker almost always finds industry and economy odious.

In his speech at Dunkirk on Monday Col. F. D. Grant handled certain themes in political economy with his accustomed brevity and terseness. Referring to Senator Hiscock's remarks on the vast growth of the sugar-beet industry, and the consequent lowering of the price of sugar and the diminished cost of transportation, he said that he was able to confirm the Senator's position by observations of his own in the republic of Mexico. For, happening once to be at the town of Oataca in that country, he found that sugar was selling at seventeen cents a pound, while in the City of Mexico it could be bought for ten cents a pound. The reason was that Oataca had no railroads or other cheap means of transportation, while the City of Mexico, having railroads, was able to procure sugar a great deal cheaper. It was also a fact within his knowledge that it once cost twelve cents a hundred to ship army goods in the West, "but as soon as the railroad came the price fell enormously." From these data he was convinced of the soundness of Senator Hiscock's views. He concluded that "the railways have so cheapened the cost of transporting everything that all in this nation can live with more comfort." If the intelligent and fair-minded public find Col. Grant's position well taken, they will doubtless be convinced that the Republican party was right in rejecting him for Quarantine Commissioner and reserving him for the higher position of Secretary of State.

The *Times* prints a letter from Mr. D. H. Chamberlain in answer to an invitation to take the stump for the Republican party in this State. He declines to do so because he thinks the Democratic candidates on the whole better men and better officers than the Republican candidates, and the Democratic platform better than the Republican platform. The Republican platform he objects to because it shows that "the only political question to which the Republican party is sincerely devoted is that of protection, so called"—that is, the maintenance of the present tariff and the enormous resulting surplus; while the Democratic platform calls for a reduction of Federal taxation by a sum not less than $100,000,000 per annum. Mr. Chamberlain's other points are also very strong. He touches on the Republican juggling with the temperance question, on the Platt bossism, on the nomination of Belden ("the man who does not stir round for nothing"), for Congress, and so on. In fact, the picture he draws of the Republican party recalls strongly a remark Emerson made about it as long ago as 1879, when its degeneracy was becoming painfully manifest—"the better the party, the worse it stinks when it turns bad."

The St. Louis *Republican* publishes an interview with Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, in which

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"the shadow of coming financial disaster" is somewhat vividly portrayed. We presume that Mr. Depew did not intend that his remarks, whatever they were, should be printed; but now that they have got in print, they will supply the text for more or less comment, since Mr. Depew's position as the head of one of the largest railway corporations and amalgamations in the country gives him excellent opportunities for observation of the undercurrents of trade and industry. The first thing that strikes Mr. Depew's attention in the West is the excessive amount of railway building that has been undertaken this year, and the probability that a large part of the new mileage will remain unprofitable for many years to come, and that the portion which is not under the ownership of old and solid companies will either be put to great straits or go into bankruptcy. Now, this is a "true bill," whether Mr. Depew said it or not. The situation in this respect is very much the same that it was in the autumn of 1872. There had been an extraordinary overbuilding of railways in that year, and when the fall trade and the crop movement began, a severe stringency in the money market set in. It was more severe than at the corresponding period this year, for the reason that, while the expenditure for new railways in 1871-1872 was about the same as in 1885-1886, the foundation of capital upon which the superstructure rested was very much less in the former than in the latter period. The carrying power of the country is now vastly greater than it was then, but this fact does not supply carrying power to individuals or companies that do not possess it. Each tub must stand on its own bottom now as at other times.

There was no general disaster in 1872. It was deferred till the following year. The pinch in money was relieved, and most people believed that the worst was over. Indeed, few, if any, looked for the crash which followed twelve months later. Here is another difference between the two periods, and this is more important, perhaps, than the one already mentioned. In 1872 and 1873, and, indeed, during several preceding years, there had been a wild speculative rage in nearly all departments of business. Nobody looked for a panic. When the shadow of coming disaster spread over the country in 1872, it found the trading public unwilling to believe in the possibility of disaster. Nearly everybody was "spread out." Hope and confidence abounded everywhere. Now the contrary condition prevails. If the stock and produce markets may be taken as an index of the public temper, nearly everybody is "hedging." The great majority are, and have been for a long time, "taking in sail." They have been taking the right steps to prevent a general disaster by putting themselves out of the reach of one. It is one of the aphorisms of trade and finance that a panic never comes when it is expected. History does not show a single one that came when any great number of people were looking out for it, because looking out implies preparations on the part of the business community, each for himself, to avoid the consequences of it—such preparations, for example, as the passing of the dividend by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad the other day. That step ought to be considered a salutary and reassuring event, since it tends to establish solvency. But for the soreness of the Stock Exchange, resulting from a long series of disappointments, it would have been taken as an encouraging rather than a depressing event. All preparations, individual and corporate, to meet a panic tend to avert it. It is a safe conclusion that there is no general disaster coming now, or while the public mind remains in its present temper. But we may look for individual disasters in the quarter where Mr. Depew has been travelling, and we must not be surprised when they come.

The opinions ascribed to Mr. Depew have drawn renewed attention to the real-estate speculation in towns and cities of the second class in the West. It does not seem to have affected in any marked degree the cities of the first class, Chicago and St. Louis. It has had free course in Duluth, Omaha, Kansas City, Wichita, Little Rock, and a multitude of smaller towns, extending to "acre property" that will not be wanted for building purposes in the next half century, if ever. It has not much affected farming lands except such as are within the supposed area of early business demands. It is, therefore, a craze appertaining to certain localities—a large number, indeed, but not so large as to be called a general speculation, even in the sections of country where it prevails. The only kind of permanent investment (by which we mean the conversion of circulating into fixed capital as distinguished from mere betting on future values of real estate) that has taken undue proportions has been railway building in the West and Southwest. An instance of this which is now producing a great deal of mischief is the multiplication of railways between Chicago and St. Paul. There are now six lines between those cities, there being a paying business for not more than three. The latest comer, the Minnesota and Northwestern, has but recently entered the field, being the product of English capital, which was never perhaps more disastrously misplaced. Before the promoters of this new line came forward, the St. Paul, Northwestern, Rock Island, Burlington, and Wisconsin Central were making a precarious living on the traffic between the new Northwest and the head of Lake Michigan. Four of these lines were great spider-webs drawing sustenance from so wide an area that the division of the St. Paul-Chicago traffic into four or five parts, although painful, was no killing matter. When the sixth candidate appeared, there was so little left to divide that it could get nothing without a fearful "cut" in rates. This cut affected not merely the St. Paul-Chicago traffic, but extended itself to the Pacific Coast business, and thus brought down the rates via Omaha and Kansas City. All the roads were still further hampered by the Inter-State Commerce Act. They could not recoup themselves by their local tariffs for their losses on through business. The result has been that the Minnesota and Northwestern Railway has demoralized the entire "Granger" system of roads and a large share of the Pacific Coast business. It is this demoralization, and not the real-estate craze, which has been contemporaneous with it, that has cast the existing pall upon the Stock Exchange.

The Boston *Herald* raises an objection to Mr. John Jay Knox's plan for refunding the 4 per cent. Government bonds, alleging that although there would be a saving of $51,000,000 to the Government by the operation, yet a much larger saving might be effected by buying all the outstanding 4 per cents "at the current quotations." The saving which would thus be effected, it shows, would be upwards of $76,000,000. We presume that all parties, including Mr. Knox, will agree that the *Herald's* plan is the best, if the *Herald* will agree to gather up the outstanding 4 per cents and tender them to the Government "at the current quotations." Mr. Knox's plan goes upon the assumption that the bulk of the bonds are held by persons, corporations, and trustees who are required to keep investments in United States bonds as long as any are to be had, but that their requirement would be satisfied by a 2½ per cent. bond as well as by a 4 per cent., and accordingly that the iron grip with which the 4s are held would be relaxed by the offer of a new bond running the same length of time at a lower rate of interest.

The rumbling in the Republican newspapers on the subject of the Samoan Islands and the supposed designs of Germany on them is intended to discredit Secretary Bayard by the implication that he has not put on a bold front, and told Germany to keep her hands off. It is worth while to ask what we want of a group of islands south of the equator, in the mid-Pacific Ocean, only one of which is good for anything, and this one only 550 miles square, when we rejected both San Domingo and St. Thomas a few years ago, both lying within easy distance of our shores and directly in the track of a great and growing commerce. San Domingo can still be had for the asking. In natural resources, in beautiful scenery, in commodious harbors, and in proximity to our shores, it is worth one hundred times as much as the whole Samoan group. Yet we declined it when it was offered to us, and we would not take it now, nor would we accept all the islands in the British, French, Dutch, and Danish West Indies if they were offered to us as a free gift. We could not afford to take them, for the reason that they cost more for running expenses than they come to. Why, then, should we be concerned about Samoa? Is it that the Monroe doctrine is violated by Germany's proceedings? That doctrine has always been thought to apply to America, not to Polynesia. There is no evidence as yet that Germany has done more than to depose a barbarous chief. Still less is there any evidence that she has violated any rights of the United States.

Prohibition caused a lively controversy among the Nebraska Republicans at their

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recent State Convention. In past years the party had pledged itself to submit to the people a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution, but although it controlled the last Legislature, the proposition was defeated. The question was therefore presented whether the party should renew the pledge, and the Committee on Resolutions reported a plank which again committed the organization to submission. But the opposition carried the fight into the Convention, and speeches were delivered against "sumptuary legislation" which read amazingly like the utterances of the average Democratic stump speaker. Mr. Rosewater of the Omaha *Bee*, for example, "claimed that it was an attack upon the individual rights of a citizen, and that there was no more right to legislate on that question than to make an individual attend a certain church." A motion to lay the resolution on the table was only beaten by the narrow margin of 282 to 261, and the opposition succeeded in carrying an amendment which relegated the question to next year (by a provision that the question should be voted on at the primaries in 1888), and which the *Bee* considers "a victory practically for the anti-submission side of the question." Nebraska has had an efficient high-license law for several years, and the success of this system was the strongest argument which the opponents of constitutional prohibition could present.

The State election of 1886 in Tennessee was hotly contested by the Taylor brothers, and the whole commonwealth was deeply interested in the fraternal as well as partisan encounter. The Presidential election of 1884 was the most bitterly fought controversy for many years; the Republicans working with strong hopes of securing both the electoral vote and possession of the State Government. The election of August 29, 1887, involved not a single office, and turned solely upon a question of administration—whether or not the State should prohibit the traffic in liquor. The election of 1886 called out 230,815 voters, that of 1884 259,468, and that of 1887 262,701, of whom 117,504 supported prohibition and 145,197 opposed it. The theory of the spoilsmen has always been that unless you put up all the offices as a stake in every election, few people will take enough interest in the election to turn out and vote; but facts like these from Tennessee and Texas—for the same thing was true of the amendment election in Texas the month before—have disposed of this fallacy in an unanswerable manner.

Arkansas furnishes a fresh illustration of the progress which civil-service reform is making in the South. The Legislature last winter established a State geological survey, and intrusted the appointment of its head to Gov. Hughes. The Governor treated the matter precisely as he would have done if he had been in charge of some great business establishment; that is to say, he tried to find the best man in the country for the place, regardless of the question whether he happened to live in Arkansas or not, and without any reference to his political views. The choice fell upon Dr. John C. Branner of Tennessee, and in making up his staff Dr. Branner followed the same principles which had led to his own selection, even when they required him to take as his assistant a professional geologist of wide experience who chanced to live in Ohio, in preference to an Arkansas man who had the highest possible recommendations from the leading men of Arkansas, but was not fitted by training and experience to do the work. The whole staff was constituted in the same way. As Dr. Branner puts it: "If it was part of the duty of Gov. Hughes and of myself to take politics into consideration in these matters, I must confess that we have both grossly neglected that part of our duties. I have very frequent occasion to consult Gov. Hughes in regard to Survey business, but politics has never been mentioned, or even hinted at, between us. He knew nothing of my political opinions when my appointment was made, and he knows nothing of them to-day. Neither do I know the politics of a single one of my assistants. I consider it as little my business what they think on politics as it is how they part their hair."

The question of a successor to Henry Ward Beecher has received what we presume may be considered indefinite postponement, by the selection of the Rev. Lyman Abbott, one of the editors of the *Christian Union*, as a "temporary supply." He will probably occupy the place until the church has relinquished the hope of finding what the members will consider a suitable successor to their late pastor. Their minds are still filled with the standard of pulpit oratory which he created, but it will gradually grow fainter, and they will frankly come to recognize how completely Plymouth Church was the creation of Mr. Beecher's personality; and how futile it is to expect to keep it on the peculiar and wholly original lines of progress which he traced out for it. There has probably never been a church, in this or any other country, in which the pastor was so large and the congregation so small a part of the organization.

The *World* manages to give an original turn to its comment on the case of the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, the imported contract-labor minister, by translating him to Trinity Parish, and saying that "among other things he should labor to reform the harsh method of treating poor tenants sometimes adopted by the agents of the Trinity corporation." But, however cruel may be the tender mercies of the wicked Trinity corporation, Mr. Warren could influence them only by force of brotherly remonstrance, as he has no office in Trinity Parish, while the Church of the Holy Trinity, of which he is the head, we believe has no tenants.

Mr. Chamberlain's speeches to the Orangemen in Belfast have naturally excited astonishment and derision in England, and particularly the one in which he ridiculed the idea of a parliament in Dublin, as likely to prove simply a reproduction of the New York Tammany Hall. The reason of this astonishment is that he said in a speech in London on the 17th of June, 1885, before he quarrelled with Mr. Gladstone:

> "This question is a national question as well as a parochial question, and the pacification of Ireland at this moment depends, I believe, on the concession to Ireland of the right to govern itself in the matter of its purely domestic business. What is the alternative? Are you content, after nearly eighty years of failure, to renew once more the dreary experience of repressive legislation? Is it not discreditable to us that even now it is only by unconstitutional means that we are able to secure peace and order in one portion of her Majesty's dominions? I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently, as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which prevailed in Venice under Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step, he cannot lift a finger in any parochial, municipal, or educational work, without being confronted with, interfered with, controlled by an English official appointed by a foreign Government, and without a shade or shadow of representative authority. I say the time has come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle. That is the work to which the new Parliament will be called."

Of course Mr. Chamberlain may have been all wrong in talking in this way two years ago, but it is to be observed that the state of facts on which he reasoned then was substantially the same as now. He did not, it is true, know as much of the National League as he knows now, but he knew all about the Land League, which preceded it, which was managed by the same men and had the same objects. If he admits he was wrong two years ago on such an old and well-known question as the Irish question, he can hardly expect people to attach any more value to his opinions of 1887 than to his opinions of 1885. People forgive mistakes and changes of opinion, even by men of Mr. Chamberlain's age, readily enough, but they do not continue to pay much attention to men who change their minds frequently on very important matters unless they can show that new facts have come to light.

The fall in the Boerse in Berlin, in consequence of the renewed unfavorable accounts of the condition of the Crown Prince's throat, is a natural consequence of the fact that his eldest son, and the next heir to the imperial throne in case of his death, is a young man of the military type, who has little sympathy with or comprehension of constitutional liberty or the parliamentary system, being in all these respects a great contrast to his father. The patience of the German Liberals under the slights put upon them by Bismarck has been due, in some degree, to the knowledge that a régime more favorable to them would come in with the death of the old Emperor and the accession of his son, who is a man of peace and imbued with constitutional ideas, and has but little sympathy with Bismarck's high-handed ways. If, however, the crown were now to pass again to a mere soldier, a long period of trouble at home and abroad might be opened up. But it has to be borne in mind that even young soldiers are apt to be sobered by the cares of state and the difficulty, even on the throne, of having one's own way.

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SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, October 12, to TUESDAY, October 18, 1887, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

THE President and his party left Minneapolis October 11, and stopped the next morning to see the corn palace at Sioux City, Ia. They visited St. Joseph and Kansas City October 13, and thence went southward, arriving at Memphis, where they were cordially welcomed October 14. The city was profusely decorated, and one arch across a street was made of cotton bales. Judge H. T. Ellett of the Chancery Court, who made a patriotic speech of welcome, fell dead on the platform. From Memphis the party went to Nashville, where the President and Mrs. Cleveland, October 15, visited Mrs. James K. Polk. They spent Sunday at Belle Meade, the famous Jackson stock farm near the city, and on October 17 held public receptions in Nashville—the President in the Capitol and Mrs. Cleveland in a hotel. On the evening of October 17 the party left Nashville for Chattanooga. The President's welcome in the South has been cordial, and special attention has been paid to Mrs. Cleveland. Perhaps the most enthusiastic demonstration that has been seen since they left Washington was made at Atlanta, where they arrived October 17. The next day the President delivered an address on the Exposition grounds. The city was so crowded that many visitors could not find rooms for the night. The pilot train that runs before the President's special train discovered that a bridge in Arkansas was on fire, which, it is supposed, was kindled with malicious intent.

Secretary Whitney has had a model lifeboat built at Alexandria, with a view to its use in the navy. It is twenty-six feet long, seven feet wide, and three feet six inches deep. The frame is of oak and the planking is of white cedar, and white mahogany has been used for the inside casing. There are twenty-six air-tight compartments, and the protected buoyancy of the boat is equal to 115 cubic feet, more than double that of any boat of the same displacement hitherto built.

The annual report of the United States Land Commissioner, Mr. Sparks, shows that since March 4, 1885, 31,824,481 acres of land have been restored to the public domain. Considerable space is given in the report to the subject of public surveys in the Territories and in California, many of which are reported to be fraudulent. "The field examinations," it is set down in the report, "have developed fraudulent and defective surveys, heretofore returned, to an extent which renders apparent the necessity for an inspection of all preceding surveys, and fully justifies the conclusion reached by this office to defer payments of accounts for past surveys until the true character of the work shall have been ascertained." As a result 2,312 entries, covering about 370,000 acres, were held for cancellation, and 1,153 entries, covering about 180,000 acres, were cancelled for fraud.

The annual report of Gen. A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer, shows that the percentages of successful indications during the year have been: For weather, 74.5; wind, 69.1; temperature, 74.4—a general average of 73.9. This result is not satisfactory to the Chief Signal Officer, but the reasons for it are that officers have necessarily been assigned to indications work who have never before performed duty of that character, the relief of old officers detailed from the line of the army having been forced upon the Chief Signal Officer by legislative action.

The United States Supreme Court, October 12, granted writs of habeas corpus in the cases of Attorney-General Ayres of Virginia and the two county attorneys who were in prison for disregarding Judge Bond's order forbidding them to bring suits against persons tendering coupons in payment of taxes.

Judge Thayer of the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis, October 11, in the case of the American Bell Telephone Company against Philip L. Rose, et al., issued an order restraining the defendants from making, using, or selling telephones or telephone apparatus infringing on Bell's patents. The defendants had been making instruments for the Pan-Electric Company.

The United States District Attorney for the district including this city will bring suit, at the expense of the United States, against the Church of the Holy Trinity for violating the United States statute "to prohibit the importation and immigration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States," because the church called the Rev. E. W. Warren, an English clergyman, to its pulpit, and he has begun to perform the duties of the place.

The New Hampshire Senate, October 13, passed the Hazen bill, which permits the lease to the Boston and Maine Railroad of the Boston and Lowell Road and its New Hampshire system. The House of Representatives had previously passed it. The Legislative Committee appointed to make an investigation into the accusations of the bribery of members by railroad companies has been hearing more testimony. Gov. Sawyer, October 18, vetoed the bill because corrupt methods had been used to promote its passage.

The State Railway Commission of Minnesota has called the attention of all the railroads in the State to their failure to observe the law requiring that "each passenger and sleeping-car operated or run within the State shall be equipped with at least one fire-extinguisher in each end of each car," saying: "We force the subject upon your attention for the third time, and with notice that the Attorney-General of the State will be notified to commence summary proceedings against all companies who fail to have their cars fully equipped by the 1st of November next as required by law."

The Coroner of Porter County, Ind., wherein the recent fatal accident on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad occurred, gave a verdict October 14 holding the employees of the road responsible for the death of the victims. The Judge of the Circuit Court at Valparaiso has charged the Grand Jury to investigate the disaster.

The official returns of the recent election in Tennessee show that the majority against the proposed prohibition amendment was 27,693.

A decision was given by the city judges of Baltimore, October 17, which strikes off nearly 4,000 names from the registry list. This is regarded as a great victory for an honest election there.

The Executive Committee of the Civil-Service Reform Association of New York unanimously adopted, on October 5, a resolution "heartily approving the letter of Commissioner Oberly to the Illinois Democratic Association in Washington for its vigorous rebuke of such partisan associations among employees of the Government, as tending to lead to violation of the Civil-Service Law, and to promote the abuses which that law was intended to correct, and which the President has strongly condemned."

The course of Prof. Egbert C. Smyth of Andover Theological Seminary, in ignoring the decision of the Board of Visitors removing him from his position, has caused an appeal to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

There have been a number of new cases of smallpox at Tampa, Fla., and several refugees from that place have died of the disease at inland towns, but no fear is reported that it will spread beyond control.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, at Minneapolis, October 12, adopted the report of the committee appointed to recommend the legislation that the order should strive to have enacted. The report approves the Blair Educational Bill, the eight-hour day for mail-carriers, and the Foran bill in relation to homesteads, providing that such settlers may borrow $500 from the Government, secured by the land, at 3 per cent.; and it approves the recommendations of the General Master-Workman in favor of Government control of the telegraph and telephone systems of the country.

Mr. Robert Garrett formally resigned the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad October 12. October 14 the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph system passed under the management of the Western Union Company. Telegraph rates between some points have been greatly increased over the rates charged by the Baltimore and Ohio Company.

A Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio express train was stopped near El Paso, Tex., October 14, by three masked men. One of them threw a bomb, the explosion of which shattered the door and side of the mail car into splinters. The agent, J. Ernest Smith, was dazed, but recovered himself and fired a charge from a double-barrelled shotgun into the breast of the robber, killing him instantly. He shot also at one of the others who ran, and he killed him too.

The Scotch cutter *Thistle* sailed for Glasgow October 14, and as she went down the bay she was saluted by all the yachts within sight.

Eight insane women were suffocated during a fire in the Cleveland, O., insane asylum on the night of October 12.

The Baltic cotton mill, at Baltic, Conn., was burned October 14. The property was valued at a million and a half dollars, and nearly 1,000 persons were thrown out of employment.

The International Military Encampment at Chicago, having failed to meet expenses, was placed in the hands of a receiver October 17.

A bronze equestrian statue of Maj.-Gen. George Gordon Meade was unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, October 18. It is the work of the sculptor A. M. Calder, is of heroic size, and is mounted on a pedestal of rough granite.

The body of Gen. Judson Kilpatrick was buried with military honors at West Point October 18.

FOREIGN.

The French Army scandal caused by the discovery that Gen. Caffarel of the War Office and others had sold decorations, has provoked much comment, and great fear in French military and political circles lest revelations be made of a kind to disturb the Government and the organization of the army. The plan for the mobilization of the Seventeenth Army Corps, which was published in the *Figaro*, was found in Gen. Caffarel's house; he was tried by a council of generals on the charge of selling civil decorations, and was pronounced guilty of "habitual dishonorable conduct" and placed on the retired list. Gen. Boulanger having declared that the prosecution of Gen. Caffarel was aimed at him (Boulanger), Gen. Ferron, Minister of War, placed him under arrest October 13 for thirty days for giving improper information to the reporters. M. Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, has been declared innocent of compromising relations with the guilty persons, but this verdict is regarded rather as an effort to end the scandal than to find out the whole truth about it. Excitement has been caused also in French Canadian society. Many French Canadians wear French decorations. The late Senator Sénécal wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which it was openly declared had been bought from friends of Gen. Boulanger. A Parisian some months ago petitioned the French Government to inquire into the matter, and it is said that this had something to do with the exposure in Paris.

Gen. Boulanger has received many messages and letters from all parts of France expressing sympathy for him. A demonstration was

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made in Nîmes October 17, when M. Spuller, Minister of Public Instruction, opened the college there. The crowd shouted "Vive Boulanger," and the bands played Boulangist airs.

A French decree has been issued for the creation of a civil Governor-General for the Indian and Chinese colonies of France.

Fifteen hundred French pilgrims arrived at Rome October 14, and were received by the Pope on Sunday, when they offered their congratulations on his approaching jubilee.

The European suspense about affairs in Morocco continues. The Sultan's condition is reported to be more hopeful. But France and Italy, October 12, accepted Spain's invitation to hold a conference in Madrid about affairs in Morocco, and it is yet expected every day that the Sultan's death will be announced on the next day. Germany decided not to send a warship to African waters, but to intrust to England the protection of Germans residing in Morocco. This resolution is regarded as a proof of the cordial *entente* between the German and English Governments.

The Queen Regent of Spain, October 13, signed a decree authorizing the construction of six ironclads of 7,000 tons each, which shall be capable of attaining a speed of from sixteen to twenty miles an hour, and four large and sixty small torpedo boats.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who has been continuing his political speeches in Ireland, spoke at Belfast, October 12, and said there were two Irelands. One was under the leadership of agitators who profited by her distress; the other loyal and contented. There were also two races, and he did not intend to submit Ulster to a Dublin Parliament—not because he believed the religious faith of the people would be endangered thereby, but because he objected to submitting Ulster's orderly, regular life to the inventors of the plan of campaign. The Irish were now absolutely masterful in America, especially in New York, the government of which was called Irish. A Parliament in Dublin would be simply a Dublin Tammany Hall ring. He would not consent to handing over the Ulster Protestants to such a ring. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that Ireland should have a separate government, there was no reason why Ulster, rejoicing in a government which it honored, should be forcibly severed from Great Britain and relegated to the dominion of the National League. He made several speeches at other places on the two or three following days.

Mr. John Bright, October 13, wrote a letter of criticism about a leaflet by Mr. Gladstone headed "Remember Mitchelstown" wherein he said that the leaflet shows the depth of the degradation to which the Liberal party has been rapidly forced by alliance with the promoters and leaders of rebellion in Ireland, and that Mr. Gladstone's followers are ready to adopt any cry or charge he makes to excite the passions of ignorant men against the Government he wants to supplant, and which he is passionately laboring to succeed.

Mr. Gladstone was enthusiastically received at Manchester October 18. On the same day he made a speech at Sheffield, wherein he said that he did not doubt that the mind of the people was rapidly marshalling itself in favor of contenting Ireland, and restoring the freedom and efficiency of Parliament and the honor of England, which has been so grievously tarnished by past misconduct in Ireland. At Stockport he declared that coercion was directed, not against crime, but against the people of Ireland combining to preserve their interests. If such a combination showed a tendency towards crime, the Liberals would not give it the smallest countenance.

At the Congress of the Liberal Federation at Nottingham on the same day, Mr. Gladstone reviewed the situation in Ireland. He wanted a statutory Parliament in Dublin, subject to imperial control. There was nothing to prevent any reasonable man from agreeing with the Liberals' Irish proposals without reference to this or that particular or detail. Only one word could describe the present system of Irish Government. It was "impertinence." The events of the last few weeks in Ireland would not have been tolerated in England. He condemned the action of the authorities at Mitchelstown. He admitted having used the words "Remember Mitchelstown!" The whole system of government in Ireland required to be thoroughly reformed, and such a change an enfranchised nation alone could accomplish. He expressed himself as perfectly confident that if a general election were held immediately, it would result in the return of a Parliament resolved to do justice to Ireland.

The inspector, Brownrigg, and other constables were found guilty of murder by the coroner's jury at Mitchelstown, Ireland. They were not arrested, but only suspended from duty pending the appeal from the verdict. A League meeting at Woodford, Ireland, which had been proclaimed by the Government, was held on Sunday. The telegraph wires were cut on Saturday night, thus preventing communication with Dublin. O'Brien was received by a great crowd, which waved hundreds of torches in the air. In the course of his speech he burned a copy of the proclamation forbidding the holding of the meeting. This act aroused the wildest enthusiasm. Two other members of Parliament made addresses.

United Ireland, Mr. William O'Brien's paper, at Dublin, on October 13 published six columns of reports of National League meetings, and said: "This is how coercion terrorizes the Irish

The yearly manifesto of the English Liberal party is embodied in the report of the National Liberal Federation, which was published October 15. It prophesies the early triumph of the Gladstonian cause and policy, and refers to the large number of dissentient Liberals who have returned to the fold. It endorses the alliance between the English and the Irish members of Parliament, and declares that most excellent moral results have been produced upon the Irish people by the conviction that they no longer stand alone, but that their political relations are being settled on a basis of justice, equality, and peace, and that a way will be cleared for dealing with such questions as local government, local option, religious equality, and further franchise changes.

Mr. Thomas Ryburn Buchanan, member of Parliament for West Edinburgh, a Liberal who has hitherto been opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, has intimated his conversion to home rule.

The poor that frequent Trafalgar Square, London, formed another procession October 14, and marched to the Mansion House, where they sought an interview with the Lord Mayor After a harmless encounter with the police the mob was dispersed. After a similar procession October 17, there were several more serious encounters with the police. But for several days since then the unemployed have been making other riotous demonstrations, and there have been several serious collisions with the police.

A Shakspere memorial fountain, presented by Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, was dedicated with proper ceremonies October 18. The principal address was made by Mr. Henry Irving, the actor, and a letter from Mr. James Russell Lowell and a poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes were read.

The Niger districts in West Africa, including the coast line between Lagos and the western bank of the Rio del Rey and the Niger Company's land, have been declared to be under British protection.

News was received in London October 12 that Lady Ann Brassey, author of 'Around the World in the Yacht *Sunbeam*,' and wife of Sir Thomas Brassey, whose constant companion she was on his yachting voyages, died on board the *Sunbeam* while bound for Australia, and was buried at sea. October 14 Dinah Maria Craik (Miss Mulock), the English writer, died, aged sixty-one years. The death was announced October 17 of Léon-Cléry Vacher, physician, and member of the French Chamber of Deputies for Corrèze.

Dr. Mackenzie, the English physician who has attended the Crown Prince of Germany since the development of the disease in his throat, said at Berlin on October 12 that the Prince's general health was good, but that there are certain symptoms which cause anxiety. He suffers now from obstinate chronic laryngeal catarrh; and he must pass the winter in a warm climate and avoid conversation. This information caused sufficient alarm somewhat to disturb prices on the European bourses.

The Disconto-Gesellschaft of Leipsic, the capital of which is 9,000,000 marks, has failed in consequence of unlawful speculations. Two of the directors have absconded with a large amount of money and all of the bank stock.

The official returns of the vote for the election of the Bulgarian Sobranye, October 9, show that the Government secured 258 and the Opposition 27 members. Several other fatal riots on election day have been reported. The Bulgarian Minister of Foreign Affairs is in Frankfort trying to negotiate a Government loan.

The Chief Press Censor at St. Petersburg has been dismissed because he exacted money for favorable judgments on publications offered for censorship. A Ministerial council has been convoked at Moscow to appoint a successor to Mme. Katkoff, who recently announced her intention of resigning the editorship of the Moscow *Gazette* in January.

The Congo Government has decided to despatch forces to reconquer Stanley Falls, where there has been a state of confusion bordering on anarchy since the insurrection against Tippu Tib's rule.

The London *Standard's* Shanghai correspondent writes that Mitkiewicz, the adventurer who pretends to have secured valuable concessions for an American syndicate from the Chinese Government, during the negotiations used without authority the names of Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Gould, and Mr. Mackay; and that whatever railways and other works should be undertaken with money raised in advance were to be mortgaged to the syndicate.

The steamship *Rio de Janeiro*, which arrived at San Francisco October 17, brought advices that a crisis is approaching in Corea, over which kingdom the Emperor of China claims sovereignty. Simultaneously with the appointment by the King of Corea of ministers to represent the Corean Government in Europe and the United States, Mr. Yuen, China's Resident Minister in Seul, left the city secretly.

A rich alluvial deposit of gold has been discovered in South Australia, about 380 miles north of Adelaide and within 20 miles of the railway line. In a fortnight after the announcement of the discovery 2,000 men were on the field.

Sir Charles Tupper has been chosen as Canada's representative on the American-English Fisheries Commission.

At a dinner in his honor at Montreal October 14, on his return from France, J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State of the Dominion Government, said concerning the agitation for commercial union with the United States: "Commercial union is an idea which can never prevail in Canada, because it would destroy Canadian industries and Canadian nationality. It holds out delusive hopes to the agriculturist, and while I believe Canadians do not desire it, I feel satisfied that the Americans will not have it. There is nobody in the United States who would embrace the idea of commercial union unless he thought it meant political union as well. Such political union would wipe out for ever all the hopes and aspirations of the people for a Canadian nationality, and would deprive them of all the blessings they now enjoy"

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THIS YEAR'S "ASSESSMENTS."

THE first preliminary step to the annual sale of offices to the highest bidder was taken by Tammany Hall on Thursday night, when that organization's so-called nominating convention met and, after appointing a conference committee on nominations, adjourned till the 21st inst. The next preliminary step was taken by the County Democracy yesterday, when that organization met, appointed a similar committee, and adjourned till the same date. In the meantime the claims of various candidates will be canvassed, and all aspirants will be called upon to inspect the following schedule of prices, which the leaders have arranged as the assessment rates for this year:

Supreme Court Judge, 2@$20,000	$40,000
Criminal Judge	10,000
City Court Judge, 2@$5,000	10,000
District Court Judge, 7@$3,000	21,000
Surrogate	10,000
District Attorney	10,000
Comptroller	25,000
State Senator, 7@$5,000	35,000
Assemblyman, 24@$1,500	36,000
Alderman, 24@$1,000	24,000
President Board Aldermen	2,500
Total	$223,500

These figures are based upon "inside information" and are accurate. In all cases they are the lowest prices which the "halls" are willing to accept. Thus, for the nomination for District Attorney the leaders are demanding $15,000, but are willing to compromise on $10,000. For the nomination for Comptroller they are demanding $40,000, but will compromise on $25,000. We have put down the price for a Senatorial nomination at $5,000, which is the average rate, the fact being that in some cases it goes below that sum and in others much higher. We give in the following table the salaries paid in each of above offices:

Supreme Court Judge	$17,500
Criminal Court Judge	12,000
City Court Judge	10,000
District Court Judge	6,000
Surrogate	12,000
District Attorney	12,000
Comptroller	10,000
State Senator	1,500
Assemblyman	1,500
Alderman	2,000
President Board Aldermen	3,000
Total	$87,500

The first question which suggests itself, after a comparison of these two lists, is, How can the candidates afford to pay such prices? A Supreme Court judge is called upon to pay more than the amount of his entire salary for one year. His assessment is high because it is argued that, his term being fourteen years long, he can save that amount out of his salary during that period. The assessment for Criminal Judge is calculated upon the same basis. The Surrogate's term being only six years, his assessment is only half of what a Supreme Court judge's is. The Comptroller has the heaviest assessment of all, though his term is only three years, because there are greater opportunities for making a "good thing" out of his office than in almost any other in the list. The District Attorney's assessment of $10,000, on a salary of $12,000 for a three years' term, is seemingly disproportionately high, but in the hands of a politician the office can be made to "pay" very handsomely, and the assessment is levied on that basis. The City Court and District Court judges pay heavily, but their salaries are high out of all proportion to the value of their services, and for that reason candidates are plenty who are willing to pay the price. The most curious revelations of the two lists are those of State Senators paying an average of $5,000 each for an office of two years' duration, whose salary is only $1,500 a year; of Assemblymen paying $1,500 for a year's service at Albany, for which the salary is precisely the same sum, and of Aldermen paying $1,000 for a year's term at a salary of $2,000.

How do all these officials get their money for this outlay? If the higher judges be men of high character, which, by astonishing good fortune, they almost always are, they either save it out of their salaries, or get their friends to contribute to make it up. If they be men of different character, they have no difficulty in finding methods of gaining it. The Comptroller, as we have said, has unusual opportunities for making his, which he will improve or not according to his views of public duty or private interest. The Senators, Assemblymen, and Aldermen make it by going into what is known here as the "Aldermanic business," and at Albany as "jobs," or legislation which has "good things" in it. In the end, of course, the money comes out of the pockets of the taxpayers, who pay it either directly in exorbitant salaries, or indirectly by means of maladministration and legislation in the interest of extravagance and corruption.

In every way the "assessment" practice is an evil that stands directly in the way of honest and economical government. It bars out nearly all except the very rich or the very corrupt from becoming candidates. Were it not for his refusal to pay this assessment, Mr. Nicoll would to-day be absolutely assured of the united Democratic nomination for District Attorney, and everybody would recognize the nomination as the best that could be made; but the County Democracy is opposing his nomination because he will not pay, and it will refuse to make it if its leaders think they can do so without danger of defeat. Last year we had the great good fortune to have Mr. Hewitt consent to run as a candidate for Mayor, but he paid $25,000 for the privilege, as Mayor Grace had paid about $20,000 in each of the two years in which he was a candidate. What right have we to levy this tax upon candidates—for it is really the people of the city who do levy it, by their failure to provide legal means for defraying the expenses of elections? The politicians have undertaken the business because the city has failed to do it, and, as was inevitable, they make it as extravagant and corrupt as they are able.

The remedy is so simple that it is a wonder that it has not long ago been applied. All that is necessary is for the city to provide for printing and distributing the ballots at its own expense, in the same way in which it provides for their reception and counting now. Then let the amount which each candidate shall be permitted to spend in an election be fixed by law, and let him be required to publish after election a sworn statement of each expenditure. Then let there be a law providing that any reasonable number of citizens can, by certifying that they wish to vote for a particular candidate for office, have his name put on the ballots and the ballots distributed at the public expense. With these simple, rational laws enacted, the whole machinery of "halls" and "workers" would disappear almost immediately. There would be no more assessments, no more sale of offices, no more selection of candidates by primaries composed of political strikers assembled in bar-rooms. Could there be any reform more rational, simple, and salutary than this? Then why don't we have it? Simply because the men who make a living out of the present disgraceful system are blocking the way, and the people, as a whole, are too indifferent or too busy to brush them aside.

MR. KNOX'S PLAN OF FINANCE.

AT the National Bankers' Convention on October 12 Mr. John Jay Knox gave an elaborate statement of the plan of dealing with the 4 per cent. bonds and the Treasury surplus, which he suggested in his report as Comptroller of the Currency in 1882. There is some difficulty in making it popularly understood, and this is one reason why it has not received the attention in Congress which it deserves. Another cause for the public indifference to it heretofore has been the fact that it was not of pressing importance. So long as there was an abundant outlet for the surplus funds of the Treasury by redemption of the 3 per cents, few persons would take the trouble to read or understand any plans for dealing with embarrassments which, although inevitable, were still distant. The situation is now changed. The embarrassment has come, and it is worse than anybody expected that it would be, because the public revenues are greater than anybody anticipated, and also because money has become more "active" than at any time since 1882. Mr. Knox now emphasizes the fact that however diligent Congress may be in meeting the crisis, a year or two must elapse before the reduction of taxation can take effect. Most probably the better part of a year will have passed before any anti-tax law can be matured and agreed to by a majority of both houses, and then there will be another considerable interval before the law will begin to operate. What shall be done meanwhile? Shall money be allowed to accumulate in the Treasury at the rate of more than $100,000,000 per annum?

Mr. Knox proposes that the holders of the 4 per cent. bonds, which have still twenty years to run, shall be offered a new 2½ per cent. bond running the same length of time, and also a cash payment equal to the present value of the remaining 1½ per cent. annual interest, say 23 per cent. The present premium is somewhat higher than this, but as the bondholder gets the use of the premium as active capital for twenty years, he can afford to take something less. This is a matter for the determination of actuaries. It belongs to the domain of mathematics, and there we may leave it. Whatever is the present worth of a twenty-year 4 per cent. bond cut up in the manner proposed, *i. e.*, divided into a 2½ per cent. bond and a cash premium, the bondholders will receive. It is an easy calculation that on a 4 per cent. bond for $1,000 running twenty years, the Government will eventually pay $1,000 principal and $800 interest,

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total $1,800; and that under the proposed plan it will pay $1,000 principal, $500 interest, and $230 premium, total $1,730, a saving of $70. On $733,000,000 the saving would be $51,310,000. Mr. Knox's plan has been brought before Congress at different times by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and Mr. Orlando Potter of New York, and by Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, but did not gain much attention, for the reason given above.

The immediate collateral advantage is the providing of a way to dispose of the surplus revenues before any anti-tax bill can come into play. This is so important a matter that Congress can hardly overlook a plan so easy of adoption and so economical in the end. If it be asked whether the holders of the 4 per cents would consent to the change, Mr. Knox shows that the national banks, holding about one-fifth of the outstanding fours, would be almost certain to fall in with it, because it offers them a premium which they can immediately use in their business, and which will be extinguished in the course of twenty years, that is, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. He thinks that trust companies, life and fire insurance companies, and savings banks will agree to it, for the same reasons, and that trustees who are required by law to invest their trust funds in United States bonds, but not in any particular class of bonds, will be moved by the same considerations in order to save the premium thus put within their reach. The plan seems to offer large advantages to both the Government and the bondholders without harm to any living creature. Mr. Knox quotes the following paragraph from a strong protectionist newspaper, the Utica *Herald*, in support of the plan, to which we give our assent from the opposite pole of the tariff question:

"The scheme can easily be put into execution if Congress would pass a statute to authorize it. It proceeds on the assumption that what the country needs is something to reduce the surplus temporarily, say for about three years, while Congress is deliberating and perfecting the details of a plan for permanent reduction. This of itself would be a great relief to the country. All through the past year, and in fact for several years past, Congress has felt that there was a necessity for some legislation to reduce the revenue of the Government; but although the pressure was strong, it seemed impossible for the members to agree. The plan is exceedingly simple, and apparently need not create any strong animosity against it. It treads on the toes of no man who cherishes a particular theory of the tariff. It interferes with neither free-trader nor protectionist. It appeals rather to the common sense of both of these parties, and can be adopted without partisanship by Republicans and Democrats alike."

THE AUSTRIAN-GERMAN-ITALIAN ARRANGEMENTS.

THE various solutions of the open secret of the triple alliance, offered by the European correspondents of the American journals, do not show due attention on their part to the past record on this question. During the session of the Italian Parliament of 1886-7, there occurred a Ministerial crisis, nominally growing out of the disaster which overtook the Italian arms in Abyssinia, but really turning on the approval of the European policy favored by the Ministry. With this policy Di Robilant, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, had so completely identified himself that the vote of the Chamber of Deputies hinged on the question of the renewal of the tripartite alliance that was to expire this autumn. The discussion brought out the fact that the alliance met the very decided approval of the country, but that the way in which Di Robilant had managed African affairs, and perhaps his personal bearing in the discussion, had provoked such animosity that, while the Ministry retained a majority sufficient for all practical purposes, it was advisable to strengthen its position for future European contingencies by a modification which should increase the majority.

Di Robilant and his war colleague ultimately resigned, but not until the alliance question had been settled; Crispi, even then designated as the chief accession from the Opposition, taking occasion to proclaim his adherence to the "German policy" for which Di Robilant had been attacked by the small party that still favors a French alliance. The treaty, which would actually only have expired this autumn, was renewed by the Depretis-Robilant Ministry, and ratifications were exchanged early this year. This fact was made public by the discussion which grew out of the resignation of the German Ambassador to the Quirinal—an act attributed to Bismarck's having sent the copy of the ratified treaty directly to the King by a special messenger, instead of sending it to the Ambassador for delivery. This reason the Ambassador promptly disavowed, declaring that at his own express desire the negotiations for the treaty had been carried on without the participation of the embassy, and that the transmission of the ratified treaty over his head was in accordance with the precedents of the former stages of the treaty. It was also publicly stated that while the renewal was not obligatory before this autumn, it was considered that, in the then state of European affairs, it was desirable that a definite solution should be arrived at. The grave Bulgarian complications might at any moment involve all the Powers, and consequently the renewal anticipated the expiration of the first term.

There was, therefore, no question of renewal of the tripartite treaty raised by the visit of Signor Crispi to Bismarck; that question had been settled some months. There were certain details to be arranged, among which the most important was the compensation of Italy in case of Austrian extension to the southeast. This was understood not to be a matter for definition in the treaty, but of agreement between the sovereigns. The cession of South Tyrol from Botzen, with a frontier following the ridge south of the Puster-Thal, has long been accorded—that of Trieste was refused more on account of the opposition of Bismarck than of Austria. If Austria obtains any accession to the southeast, it will necessarily include Salonica, in which case Trieste becomes a dead port of not much greater value than Venice, utterly indefensible against a sea attack, difficult to keep tranquil in case of hostilities with Italy, as the population is mainly Italian, and on all accounts, therefore, not a thing to hold out on if Italy made it a grave consideration. The question of Tripoli and Tunis was also one which enlisted strongly Italian public feeling, and this must have been discussed between Crispi and Bismarck with a view to Franco-German hostilities. In the original treaty the participation of Italy in any war between France and Germany alone was not to be calculated on, as Germany did not require any aid in such a contingency. In case, however, of Russia attacking Germany at the same time, Italy was bound to give a contingent. It is therefore probable that a movement to Tripoli was arranged in case of a Franco-German war in which Russia was not involved. The Bulgarian affair was another question in which the Italian Government had a policy in common with Germany, and the exact nature of coöperation with the allied forces of Austria and Germany, or with Austria alone, was not clearly defined, and was not perhaps capable of being so defined before the development of Bulgarian affairs. It was, however, made certain by the unequivocal declaration of Signor Depretis, that if Russia and Austria came to blows in Bulgaria, Italy would enter as the ally of Austria.

The determination of the conditions of participation and compensation in case of war was, therefore, probably the extent of the new arrangements made during the late visit of Crispi; but a certain personal understanding was made advisable between the new head of the Italian Government and Bismarck and the Austrian Prime Minister, present or prospective, in regard to actual operations. The understanding means peace only if the coöperation of Germany, Austria, and Italy in the rapidly approaching definite solution of the Bulgarian difficulty should be sufficient to warn Russia off the ground; but if, on the contrary, as is most probable, the Czar refuses to permit the arrangement which Austria will support, the real meaning of the understanding is war at no remote period. This unwonted personal intercourse between the rulers looks more like preparation for war than for peace. On one point, however, it is conclusive—that Russia must let Bulgaria alone if peace is to be maintained. Neither Austria, Germany, nor Italy can afford to have Russia at Constantinople, and the Russians have long ago declared that they will not allow themselves to be cut off from Constantinople.

THE FRENCH SCANDAL.

THE French Republic seems to be having a run of very bad luck in the matter of military honor. It was not long after the overthrow of the Conservative régime, or the "ordre morale," as the Republicans derisively called it, that a Minister of War was installed who was accused by the Germans of having deliberately broken his parole during the war after having been liberated on a promise not to fight again. The affair made a great deal of scandal at the time, owing to the cool way in which the French public accepted the charge and the Minister's inability to answer it. It was treated in Germany as another illustration of the corruption of French morals, and of the fitness of the French nation for the terrible chastisement which the war had inflicted on it.

This affair had hardly passed out of the public recollection when Gen. Boulanger, on becoming Minister of War, began to take

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a leading part in urging the expulsion of the Duc d'Aumale and the other Orleans princes from the army. He was, for doing this, reproached in the Senate with ingratitude, on the ground that he owed his promotion in the army to the Duc d'Aumale, whose aid he had solicited and afterwards warmly acknowledged. He denied all this with much indignation—denied that the Duke had helped him in any way, or that he had ever thanked him for his promotion or acknowledged that he owed it to him, or that there was anything unseemly in the attacks he was making on him. To all of which the Duke replied by publishing the letter, which was everything it had been represented—warm and grateful almost to the point of abjectness. It was supposed that Boulanger would now surely resign and hide his head. But he seems never to have thought of such a thing He simply said he had forgotten about the letter, and went on with his work of reorganizing the army. His services in that line, too, were considered so valuable that the French Republican press, to its great disgrace, dropped the matter at once, almost without comment. Apparently it did not consider lying about a prince, even when committed by a soldier of high rank, a very serious offence. But a great many sober observers, both in France and out of it, were satisfied that it showed Boulanger to be an unsound and dangerous person, whose political career was likely to end in shame or calamity for the country. It was not very long before he began to develop all the qualities and tricks of the regular politico-military adventurer, and had to be removed from his office, and even from Paris, as a danger to the Government and the public peace.

The Caffarel scandal is, one might almost say, a legitimate sequel to Boulanger's career. Caffarel is one of his protégés, and the chief of his staff, and appears to have been "on the make" from the time he got into the War Office. He made it known to women whom he employed in a confidential capacity outside, that he saw "many channels in which he could be useful" to people who approached him in the proper way. Accordingly, to make a long story short, he soon started a lively trade in the sale of decorations, or rather of the Legion of Honor, which, as it is bestowed on all classes and conditions, all Frenchmen greatly prize, and especially Frenchmen in any kind of business, both for the social distinction it confers and for the advertisement it furnishes, and they are often very willing to pay for it. Another general—Andlau, one of the Boulanger set—also is a fugitive from justice on the same charge.

The result of Caffarel's trial is perhaps the most singular part of the whole affair. He has confessed his guilt, and his sentence is not expulsion from the army, but relegation to the retired list, the reduction of his pension, and the loss of his decoration. The social disgrace no doubt is tremendous, but the professional penalty seems ludicrous. On the retired list he still remains in the army, and is the fellow and peer of thousands of veterans whose career has been stainless. Boulanger, too, has been arrested for insubordination. He took the exposure of his friend in a very characteristic way. Instead of being horrified or indignant, he denounced the discovery as what our criminal classes call "a put-up job." That is, he said it was a plot contrived by Gen. Ferron, his successor in the War Department, to bring him (Boulanger) into discredit. Gen. Ferron has, therefore, very properly ordered his arrest.

No one as yet knows the full extent of the scandal. That more or less damage to the Republic will result from it, there is little question—how much damage, of course, will depend on the condition of the political conscience of the French people. But foreigners are saying, not unnaturally, that if the French people can bear such things with equanimity, something more than a good military organization is needed to enable them to beat the Germans, for it is hard to persuade the world that the Caffarels and Andlaus would not sell plans to the enemy as readily as decorations to their countrymen.

FROM TACOMA TO LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES, September 30, 1887.

PASCO JUNCTION is the name of a station on the Northern Pacific Railroad which the tourist who intends to see the Pacific Coast from Alaska down to southern California will always approach with considerable hesitation and doubt. For he has here to choose between two of the most picturesque routes in America, the one taking him straight to Tacoma, over the Cascade Mountains, and the other down the Columbia River and via Portland to Tacoma. In truth, however, there is no occasion for the slightest hesitation. No tourist can afford to miss either of these routes, and it is his æsthetic duty to take them both. The best way is to go straight from Pasco to Tacoma, and there take the Alaskan steamer. On returning from Alaska, go back to Pasco by the same road, then down the Columbia to Portland, and from there by rail or boat to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Thus the world-renowned charms of the Columbia River scenery may be enjoyed without sacrificing the less-known but equally grand sights of the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific, at an extra expense of only a few dollars. And there is a special advantage in repeating the trip over the Cascades, because its chief attraction, Mount Tacoma, is very apt to be hidden behind clouds of mist or of smoke for days or weeks at a time; wherefore it is well to revisit him at intervals of a few weeks. Clouds are less to be feared than the smoke from forest fires, which is only too apt to mar the pleasure of tourists in Washington and Oregon during July and August. Sometimes these conflagrations are caused by camp-fires left burning by careless hunters, but this summer there were no extensive fires of this kind, and yet the air was odorous and opaque with smoke, owing to the innumerable "clearings," or places where farmers burn down their dense timber in order to secure land for the plough. A volcano in full activity could hardly be more imposing than the dazzling, nocturnal splendor of these fires—the united brilliancy of hundreds of blazing fir-trees, some lying prostrate in confused groups, others standing in stately array, several hundred feet high, until the flames rush up to their tops and bring them down too. Nevertheless, these transitory fireworks do not compensate one for the loss of a sight of the dozen or more snow-peaks which adorn Washington and Oregon. Perhaps the time is not very distant when timber will become valuable, and "clearings" will have to be made in a less barbarous manner.

Much of the land through which the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific passes is disfigured by dead black trees and stumps. Other portions are in full cultivation, and the crop most favored appears to be hops, especially in the Puyallup Valley, where these vines attain a most luxuriant and beautiful growth, which is said to have yielded last year one and a half million pounds of hops, many of them being still picked by Indians. Curiously enough, this valley is the most pronounced "temperance" region in the Northwest, and one of the largest hop-growers will not, under any circumstances, allow a saloon to be opened within his extensive domain. This hop valley is between Tacoma and the Cascade Mountains, and—aside from the picturesque hop-vines and a mountain stream, with waters so clear that the passengers can see the trout in it from the car-windows as the train speeds along for half an hour—it is in these mountains that the scenic attractions centre. Unfortunately, one of the most fascinating and exciting features of this route—the "switch-back"—will exist no more after next June. The switchback is the name given to a part of the road where the train ascends the mountains by a series of zigzag movements, somewhat like a sailing vessel tacking at sea. There is one monstrous 110-ton engine in front of the train, and another one behind, and when the train has reached a certain point, it is switched off, and starts ahead in the opposite direction, until a point is reached where six parallel roads can be seen, each a few hundred feet higher than its predecessor. Several times the train goes over trestle-works of a giddy height, and looking so frail as the train approaches them round a curve that the more timid passengers must feel somewhat nervous, and breathe more freely when the perilous spot is safely passed. But, as just intimated, this mountainous "elevated" railroad is merely a temporary arrangement, having been rendered necessary by the company's inability to complete the Stampede Tunnel within the period designated by its contracts. The rock through which the tunnel passes is so soft that timbering is necessary, and the work therefore slow. As the Stampede Tunnel will be almost two miles in length, it will, of all tunnels in the United States, rank next in length to the Hoosac.

Neither the tunnel nor the switchback, however, constitutes the chief attraction of the Cascade route. That honor belongs to Mount Tacoma, around which the train sweeps in a wide curve and at no great distance, so that it can be seen from many different points of view. With the exception of Mount Whitney (15,500), Tacoma (14,444) is the highest peak on the Pacific Coast outside of Alaska; and it is the only peak in the United States south of Alaska which has its sides adorned with genuine valley-seeking glaciers, fifteen in number. The time cannot be distant when thousands of tourists will annually visit these glaciers and attempt the ascent of this mountain, of which the first 11,000 feet are said to be very easy, though the remainder is difficult and perilous. At present it takes a week to go from the town of Tacoma to the mountain, but if the railroad company would build a wagon road from, say, the Devil's Elbow to the foot of the mountain, half that time would suffice for the ascent and return. In one respect the Northern Pacific management has already earned the gratitude of all who have a sense of beauty, viz: by restoring to this noble mountain its euphonious and poetic Indian name, "Tacoma," in place of the ugly (and always mispronounced) French name "Rainier." All the maps of the Northern Pacific Railroad use the Indian name, and if every tourist of taste will follow the example and taboo the word Rainier, it will be easy to suppress it in time. To those Pacific Coast people who stubbornly cling

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to the word Rainier, I commend chapter xxiii. of Washington Irving's 'Astoria,' where he laments "the stupid, commonplace, and often ribald names entailed upon the rivers and other features of the great West by traders and settlers. . . . Indeed, it is to be wished that the whole of our country could be rescued, as much as possible, from the wretched nomenclature inflicted upon it by ignorant and vulgar minds; and this might be done, in a great degree, by restoring the Indian names," which are "in general more sonorous and musical."

Portland owes its commercial importance to the fact that the Willamette (as well as the Columbia) is navigable up to its wharves by the largest ocean steamers; so that the rich farm products of the Willamette Valley can be at once shipped to all parts of the world without a long and expensive railway transportation. Scenically no town on the coast—not even Tacoma, with its grand view of the mountain after which it is named—can ever surpass Portland. As viewed from the heights west of the city, Portland is beyond comparison the most picturesquely located town in the United States. Architectural monuments of importance there are none as yet, but the trees and gardens which frame in all the houses are equally attractive in their way, and, from a sanitary point of view, more desirable. Garden City or Forest City would seem an appropriate name for Portland, as seen from Robinson Hill; and the Cascade Range to the east, with the Willamette River separating the city from East Portland and Albina, gives the ensemble a distinct resemblance to Stuttgart, if not to Florence, though neither of those cities can boast of a semicircle of volcanic snow peaks like Portland—including Mount Tacoma in the distance, and nearer by St. Helens (9,750), which had an eruption as late as 1832; Adams (9,570), Hood (11,200), Jefferson (9,000), and the Three Sisters (8,500). Of Mt. Hood in particular the Portlanders have a magnificent view from their house-tops or from the heights west of the city. Though it is about fifty miles away, there is not a hill between to impede the view; and, as the particular Cascade ridge with which Mt. Hood connects is of insignificant height, the peak stands revealed from head to foot in solitary grandeur, with snow reaching down two-thirds of the way even in August. It is a peculiarity of all the Oregon and Washington peaks that they thus rise abruptly from the ground, without any clustering neighbors to lean upon; and this isolation, combined with the lowness of the snow line, adds much to their grandeur and apparent height. The ascent of Mt. Hood is comparatively easy, and is often made by parties from Portland, including ladies, and without guides. Sixteen years ago I formed one of the first parties that made the ascent. Leaving the emigrant road some distance from the mountain, we had to cut notches in the trees in order to find our way back to the wagon. The mules and dogs were left tied to trees just below the snow-line. We started thence at four A. M., and were back shortly after noon, having encountered no dangers or impediments except some large fissures in the snow-fields, which necessitated a detour.

With such fine scenery constantly in view, and with trees and flowers around every house, it is perhaps not surprising that the wealthy Portlanders have hitherto shown a remarkable indifference to the condition of their parks and streets. The large piles of wood in front of every other house appear more useful than ornamental, and give parts of the city a semi-rural aspect. They make excellent and cheap fuel, however, and the large quantities of pitch they contain give them a delightful fragrance. Another peculiarity of Portland streets is that the blocks are uncommonly small. Fewer streets and wider ones would have been much more acceptable. The waste of space involved in the present arrangement is beginning to be felt now that the California real-estate "boom" is moving northwards. The disaster to the Northern Pacific was a terrible blow to Portland, which is now, however, recovering from it, and some of the property has doubled in value and more within a year. The reappearance in the field of Mr. Villard has created great enthusiasm, and a merchant expressed his opinion to me that if Mr. Villard had remained at the head of affairs, Portland would now have 100,000 inhabitants. It certainly would have, what it now sadly lacks, a first-class hotel. The foundations for one, modelled after the largest foreign hotels, were laid some years ago, and were then abandoned; but a movement is now on foot to complete the building. That such a hotel will pay is shown by the prosperity of the fine and comfortable Tacoma Hotel, which is often overcrowded, and which has some excellent features, including a domestic fire company; every waiter, cook, clerk, and dishwasher having his special duties to perform in case of an alarm.

Many Portlanders are sorely distressed at the fact that one of their two leading business streets has fallen entirely into the hands of the Chinese. An attempt will be made to dislodge them by refusing to renew their leases, the longest of which will expire in about fifteen years. But as the Chinese are willing and able to pay specially high rents, it is doubtful if this measure will be generally carried out. In these public places everything seems neat and clean. To see the dark side of Chinese life one has to visit their private dwellings. Besides the laundry business the Chinese appear to do most of the market gardening for the Portlanders. Wherever there is a patch of ground with water for irrigation, a Chinaman is sure to be the owner or lessee. To judge by the articles found in their provision stores the wealthier among the Chinese appear to be as great epicures as their countrymen at home; while of the poorer ones, if you ask one what he had for dinner, he will invariably reply, "I eatee licee" (rice). Yet they are always glad to get what is left over at table, and this makes it the more remarkable that they are so contented with their insipid boiled rice, without condiment of any sort. One day a lady told her Chinaman to sit down and try *her* way of preparing rice, in the form of pudding. He took some on his plate, added a piece of meat with gravy and a few spoonfuls of lettuce, mixed them well, and, after disposing of this harmonious compound, he remarked to the donor: "You make him heap nice!" Another Chinaman whom I had the pleasure of meeting has given considerable trouble because he for a long time insisted on being paid every "moon," or Chinese month, instead of on the first of the American month. He is, however, very amiable and shows much fondness for his employer's children, sometimes bringing them candy. At other times he teases them by running away towards his cabin with their favorite cat, pretending that he is going to cook her for dinner. One day Lee was left alone in the house, and when the family returned late in the evening they found he had attended to everything, even to winding up the clock. But at one o'clock they were awakened by a most infernal noise; Lee, with the thoroughness of his race, had wound up everything he could find—alarm and all!

One finds the Chinamen not only in Portland, but throughout the country, where they are in great demand, especially during harvest time. The discovery has been made within the last twelve years that Oregon soil is admirably adapted for hops, and to this product many farmers who formerly relied on wheat and apples now devote all their attention. In a country where laborers are scarce there is an advantage in having a harvest in which women and children can participate; yet even thus the farmers could not manage without Chinese assistance. The men are secured through an agent, who sends a cook with every detachment and levies a heavy tax on every man's income. They can afford it, however, as a busy Chinaman can earn as much as $2.50 or $2.80 a day by hop-picking, their ordinary wages (on railroads, etc.) being only $1, without board. Every farmer dries his own hops, and they are of excellent quality. But the market is uncertain, and the matter is perhaps being overdone at present, so that before long some of the farmers may return to their wheat and fruit, in which no other State equals Oregon, both as regards quantity and quality. Concerning Oregon fruit I can speak from personal experience, as I was brought up near an orchard numbering 2,000 apple, pear, and plum rees. For peaches and grapes the Oregon climate is hardly warm enough, and the apples and pears, too, are perhaps a little *smaller* than they are in California; but in flavor they are vastly superior. Indeed, neither in the East nor in any part of Europe have I ever tasted apples to compare with those of Oregon. They have a richness and delicacy of flavor which must persuade any one that if apples were less abundant they would be considered superior in taste and fragrance to those tropical and semi-tropical fruits which are more highly valued because of their scarcity in our latitude. In most parts of the East an apple is an apple, and few people know or care about the names of the different kinds; but an Oregonian would no more eat certain kinds of apples than he would a raw pumpkin. An epicure is not more particular in regard to his brands of wine than an Oregonian is in the choice of his favorite variety of apples; and there are half-a-dozen kinds which I have never seen at the East, and the systematic introduction of which in the New York market would make any dealer's fortune.

For some reason or other, the Oregonians seem less enterprising than their California neighbors, and instead of sending their fruit East they often allow it to rot on the trees—including superb plums and Bartlett pears that would fetch five to ten cents apiece in New York. Eastern capital is wanted to start transportation enterprises; and a still more important desideratum in Oregon is a larger population. The growth of the State has been remarkably slow, considering its agricultural advantages and its fine climate. In the census of 1880 the population numbered only 174,767. But there were already "16,217 farms, and their products are tabled at a cash value of $13,234,548"—a curious commentary on the exclamation of a member of Congress, forty-five years ago, that he would not "give a pinch of snuff for the whole Territory." Eastern notions regarding the climate of Oregon are almost as widely astray as they are regarding Alaska. Barrows points out that, although the mouth of the Willamette is 200 miles further north than Boston, no ice has been formed on it thicker than window glass since 1862; and that in some of the counties snow has not covered the ground for three consecutive days for a score of years. The rainy season, which takes the place of the Eastern winter, is trying to the patience of some; yet this rain is very different from our muggy, foggy, sultry winter rains in New York. It is known as a "dry" rain because, however it may drizzle, it does not seem to saturate the air and depress the spirits by impeding the natural evaporation and healthy action of the skin. Doubtless this peculiarity of climate is largely responsible for the remarkably beautiful complexions of Oregon and Washington women, though something may be due to the fact that as children they live almost entirely on fruit. The heat of Oregon summer days is seldom oppressive, being generally mitigated by a breeze; and the

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nights are invariably cool enough for a blanket. Hence there are no sleepless nights.

Now that the Oregon and California Railroad is almost completed, it is easy to survey the rich resources and admire the fine scenery of Oregon (Mt. Hood or some other snow peaks being visible from almost any elevated place in the State) by traversing the fertile Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River valleys. Among the towns of interest on the route are Oregon City, with the falls of the Willamette; Aurora, a German community founded by a religious enthusiast (or "sharper," as the disappointed members now feel inclined to call him); Salem, the capital of the State; Albany, Eugene, and Roseburg, the last not so very far (in a bee line) from Crater Lake, the wonders of which would tempt many a tourist, did they not involve the expenditure of a whole week. At Salem, the town having refused to subscribe a certain sum, the Oregon and California Railroad built their depot a mile outside the town, to the annoyance of everybody but the cabmen. The absence of a rival road shows itself also in the refusal to check baggage through to San Francisco—an arrangement which compels tourists to superintend personally the transference to the stage at Ashland and the rechecking twenty miles beyond. At present, however, only seven miles of the road remain to be completed, and in a few weeks the dusty stage ride between San Francisco and Portland will be a thing of the past. Ashland already seems warmer than Portland, and before the tourist crosses the line on the stage he feels that he is approaching another State. But there is a surprise in store for him; for while the word California is inseparably associated in his mind with grapevines and orange trees, the first thing that meets his view on crossing the State line is the majestic snow-peak of Shasta. The railroad more than half circles this gigantic mountain, which remains in sight for five or six hours, and changes its aspect so frequently that a young lady in our car had much trouble in convincing her father, who looked up from his paper every half hour, that he was still gazing on the same mountain. The guide-book's statement that if the bottom of Shasta were to drop out at any time, it would leave a chasm seventy-five miles in circumference, gives one a better approximate idea of its size than the appearance of the mountain itself at this time of the year, when it is almost denuded of snow. From Sissons, only seventeen miles away, it does not look so grand as Mt. Hood does from Portland, fifty miles away. Spring is the proper time to see Shasta in his snowy grandeur, and as his outlines are interesting, one can easily comprehend the enthusiasm of those who have seen him wrapped in his magnifying white cloak.

Soon after leaving Sissons the train passes a place where several strong springs of mineral water dash down the mountain side almost like waterfalls; then darkness sets in, and in the morning the passengers find themselves at Oakland, ready to cross the bay to San Francisco. After roaming about this hillside city for a few days and comparing my impressions with those recorded in the books, I find that nothing of importance seems to have been overlooked. It is duly noted everywhere that the cable cars are a very pleasant way of climbing the hills on which the residences are healthily located; that the climate calls for a light overcoat part of every day in the year; that Chinatown is like a section taken bodily out of Canton; that the suburban sand is drifted and whirled about by the stiff sea breeze into lovely mounds resembling snow drifts; and that every visitor to San Francisco must drive to the Cliff House and see the law-protected seals gambolling and barking on the rocks near the shore. It struck me, however, that there is less madness and more method in the music of the Chinese theatre than is commonly ascribed to it. It has a quaint charm of its own, though its occasional noisiness is undeniable. The plays seem to be modelled on the opéra-comique principle—*i. e.*, there is unaccompanied dialogue alternating with accompanied dialogue, and with absolute music. As for the poor seals at the Cliff House, the late "H. H." seems to have set the fashion of reviling them as clumsy, hideous, noisy beasts which should be killed and the skins given to the poor; and even the guide-books now echo this strain. No doubt the seals are not "pretty," yet they do give one a weird glimpse of northern animal life—as of a former geological epoch—which even the Alaskan tourist misses to-day, thanks to man's murderous commercial instincts.

From San Francisco to Los Angeles two routes are at present available, by sea or by the Southern Pacific Railroad. In a few months, perhaps, another and more picturesque railroad will take the tourist along the range of mountains near the coast. The Central Road is unpleasant because it goes through the warm middle valley of the State. It seems a pity to pass Merced without getting off to spend a week in the Yosemite, and among the big trees. But, I am told, it is too late in the season to see this valley to advantage, as much of its beauty lies in its snow-fed waterfalls, which are now small. Like Shasta, the Yosemite must be seen in spring, and the same, no doubt, is true of the lofty mountains that form the boundary between California and Nevada. How many of my readers are aware that from Shasta to Los Angeles, almost in a straight line, there are eleven peaks over 10,000 feet in height, and culminating in Mt. Whitney, with 15,000? It makes one long to spend the whole winter exploring these peaks and the floral valleys between, abounding with game. No doubt many of the 100,000 Eastern visitors that Los Angeles County expects this winter will undertake such explorations. My own limited observations of this wonderful region—"Boomland" it is called—must be reserved for another letter. But I cannot refrain from adding that as I write I hear a mother scolding her baby for putting a handful of dirt in her mouth. Real estate is too valuable hereabouts to be thus squandered in luxurious living.

H. T. Finck.

SIMON'S VICTOR COUSIN.

Paris, October 6.

Philosophical studies have been completely transformed in France in the past thirty years; science has taken the place of philosophy, and the present professors of what still goes under the latter name are obliged to study the works of the modern savants—I ought, perhaps, to say scientists, but I am not yet used to this expression, which has only lately been adopted among us. For many years Victor Cousin was the chief representative of the French philosophical school. He had invented a philosophical doctrine which he called eclecticism; it was something like a musical potpourri. Cousin professed to have taken something from every philosophy—the best, of course, of each. He had borrowed something from the Greeks, something from England and Scotland, something from the French philosophers of the seventeenth century; he had not forgotten the Germans. He had taken his honey from every flower. What characterized, on the whole, his selection was a strong tendency to pure spiritualism, a psychology which did not lay its foundation on any physiological facts, and which dealt only with ideas and with consciousness. In this respect it cannot be denied that the philosophy of Cousin had a good influence; it was superior to the coarse materialism of the schools of the eighteenth century; it appealed incessantly to the higher and better parts of human nature; it was optimist and not pessimist; it was inspiring, and not discouraging. The generations which were brought up under its influence were happier than our modern generations, which are led entirely by positivism. Happiness is not, however, a measure of truth. The modern school has completely renounced eclecticism, regarding it as a futile and useless construction, which has no solid basis. The philosophy of Cousin is as much a thing of the past as the philosophy of Nicole or Malebranche.

We will not here attempt to study Cousin in the character of a philosopher; he was interesting as a man. He left valuable historical works, and a place has been given to him in the collection which I have already noticed here, of "Les Grands Écrivains Français." M. Jules Simon has written the volume devoted to Cousin, and no better choice could have been made, as M. Jules Simon may be said to be at the present time the best representative of the philosophy of Cousin. This biography is not, however, like most biographies, an apology; we often feel the claw of the satirist under the velvet glove. "There are," he says, for instance, "men who make much noise during their lifetime, and whom posterity does not know"; and he adds immediately, "Victor Cousin was not of such." But when you read the first phrase, you cannot help applying it to Cousin; and you are confirmed in this instinctive impression by what follows:

"Cousin made his name immortal by great services and by good works; but those who did not live in his lifetime can hardly imagine what a noise he made in this world while he was in it. He liked noise; he was anxious for it. I remember that, at the approach of the Revolution of 1848, the noise of political and social questions having somewhat drowned the noise he made himself over philosophical and religious questions, he trembled for fear of being forgotten. 'Show yourself,' said he to me; 'we must show ourselves.' He said 'We must' as the King says 'We will.' When he was Minister of Public Instruction [he was Minister for only eight months], he filled the *Moniteur* and the official papers with his circulars, his public speeches, his projects. M. Damiron [a professor of philosophy], who was, to use M. Cousin's own expression, the wisest of the wise, mildly reproached him: 'You make too much show; you will tire the public.' But Cousin answered, 'We must show ourselves.'"

Victor Cousin was born in Paris November 28, 1792. He was the son of a jeweller—that is to say, of an artisan who worked for a jeweller; his mother was a washerwoman. He was brought up at first in the street, like a *gamin de Paris*. A kind lady, the wife of a professor, took charge of his education and had him sent to a *lycée;* he showed at once his cleverness and took all the prizes. In 1810 he entered the Normal School for professors which had just been founded. At the age of twenty he was Professor of Greek; in 1813 he was appointed *chargé des conférences* of philosophy, his function consisting in going with the students to the lectures of the Faculty of Letters, and of explaining these afterwards to them. He had among his pupils at the Normal School Jouffroy and Damiron, who afterwards became famous, and Bautain, who became the Abbé Bautain, and acquired some notoriety as a religious philosopher.

Royer-Collard, who was Professor of Philosophy in 1815, chose Victor Cousin as his *suppléant*—a great honor for so young a man; and during the Hundred Days, as Royer-Collard was a stanch Royalist, Cousin enlisted in the Royal Volunteers. His campaign was not long: he went one day from Paris to Vincennes, and returned the next day. Cousin was twenty-two years old. The despotism of Napoleon seemed odious to him, and he looked upon the Bourbons as saviours. He was not then, however, mixed

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up with politics; he was deep in the study of philosophy, for he never really learned it till he had to give lectures on it. He went to Germany and tried to understand Hegel; he saw Jacobi and Schelling at Munich. On his return he gave lectures on their philosophy. His great eloquence, his fire, his inspired look (I saw him only in his old age, and he had still kept the look of a prophet), drew round him the ardent and intelligent youth of the Restoration. Cousin, though he was at heart a Conservative, made parade of Liberalism. He spoke on religious subjects in a manner which displeased the "Congregation"; he sometimes had words of admiration for the French Revolution. He was the most brilliant personification of the young University and of the Normal School; his lectures were stopped by the Government. Two years afterwards Guizot, whose professorship was history, was the victim of a similar measure. The Normal School was suppressed. Cousin was obliged to accept the humble post of preceptor of a son of the Duke of Montebello. For eight years he spent his leisure hours in preparing a complete edition of Descartes and a translation of Plato's works. These two works, with his historical studies on Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Longueville, will be consulted long after the eclectic philosophy is forgotten.

In 1824 Cousin travelled with his pupil in Germany, and, through a strange mistake, he was arrested by the Prussian police, who took him for a *Carbonaro* and a conspirator. He remained six months in prison, and was only released by the influence of Hegel. Jules Simon relates that Cousin often spoke to him of his sufferings in prison, but added stoically: "One thing only reoccupied me—the translation of Plato was not finished." When Cousin returned to France, M. de Martignac allowed him to recommence his lectures. He reappeared before his public as a victim of absolutism and as a representative of free thought, but he triumphed modestly, and publicly expressed his gratitude to the King and to M. de Martignac.

The Revolution of 1830 did not fill him with joy. "He often," says Simon, "said to me that a change of Cabinet would have been enough, that the Revolution had given a fatal blow to the monarchical principle." He could not, however, be hostile to the new régime, and, as he had been a victim under the Bourbons, he was laden with honors—he was made Councillor of State, member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, a member of the French Academy, a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences (an academy founded in 1832), a peer of France. In 1840 he became Minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet of M. Thiers, which was of but short duration. "This little professor," says Jules Simon, "born in a garret, became a *grand seigneur* without any interval. He pleased the people in this new incarnation. He was one of the forms of the victory."

Cousin used to say that the professors of philosophy formed his regiment; and Jules Simon gives to one of the chapters of his book the title "The Regiment." He describes in it the great power, we might almost say the tyranny, which Cousin exercised during the Government of July over the French University. He was the leading spirit of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, of the Normal School, where all the professors of the higher schools received their instruction. Jules Simon knew him first at the Normal School, and describes him very vividly:

"We ought to have adored him, but he had something indescribable which repelled friendship; we were, I believe, a little afraid of him. As for our admiration, it was boundless. Sometimes, often, he seized an idea which chance brought to him, and then came an endless series of new and marvellous thoughts, comparisons, pictures, anecdotes. Never shall we see again, in the conversation of a man, such an abundance of fine things. The lecture began at eight; it was to last an hour and a half; we were still there at one o'clock. Suddenly he took his hat and said: 'Let us go to the Luxembourg.' (I will say in parenthesis that I had to go without a dinner.) Once in the Luxembourg, he recommenced speaking, for me alone. I believe that he entirely forgot to whom he spoke—he spoke for himself. He was indefatigable. He left me when the day began to end, and dressed himself to go to some great dinner. I wandered in the streets till the supper hour of the Normal School, at eight in the evening, when I arrived dying with hunger, having eaten nothing but a piece of dry bread since seven in the morning."

The book is full of such anecdotes. Jules Simon clearly makes you understand that Cousin was very ignorant of other people's needs, and that the study of the *moi* and the *non moi* had not destroyed his egotism. He was very arbitrary and tyrannical, very intolerant. "If you emancipated yourself a moment, the claw showed itself at once." He was imperious, but he never forgot one of his pupils; he followed them from year to year, from school to school. He did not, perhaps, much like the soldiers of his regiment, for he was not tender; but he passionately loved talent and philosophy. "Cousin was not good nor tender, but he forced you to believe in yourself; he shook you, he made you work. He was a master, and what a master! I think now that we were not grateful enough; the little sides of his character concealed from us the great ones."

The Revolution of 1848 was a terrible blow to him: he lost all his places, and resigned even his professorship in the Faculty of Letters after the *Coup d'État* of 1851. He was not among the open enemies of Napoleon III.; he took no further part in political struggles, and entirely devoted himself to historical researches in the seventeenth century. His volumes on Mme. de Chevreuse and on Mme. de Longueville are excellent studies of the society of the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. His articles on the Connétable de Luynes are much inferior; he tried vainly to rehabilitate Luynes, who was a very ordinary personage. Cousin had become a bibliophile at the time when good books could be had for a trifle; he left his fine library to the Sorbonne, where it remains now under the care of his old friend, the translator of Aristotle—Barthélemy St.-Hilaire. He died at Cannes on January 13, 1867.

Correspondence.

JUDGE JAMESON'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 29th of September last, in a notice of the fourth edition of my work on 'Constitutional Conventions,' referring to my discussion of the weight to be given to the opinion of the judges of Rhode Island on a question submitted to them, in 1883, by the Senate of that State, as to the power of the Legislature to call a convention, you say: "The author sustains the doctrine of ex-Chief-Justice Bradley and other eminent lawyers of Rhode Island, as against the advisory opinion of the judges, . . . who denied the constitutionality of such a call." You then proceed to censure me as follows: "We do not observe, however, any citation of Judge Bradley's pamphlet on 'Methods of Amending Constitutions,' from which the author appears to have drawn valuable material."

My answer to this charge is, that the only indebtedness I am under to the pamphlet of Judge Bradley is for a reference to legal decisions, found, most of them, in an *addendum* to it prepared by Prof. J. B. Thayer of the Harvard Law School, and that in a note to Appendix E, where I discussed the weight to be given to extra-judicial opinions of judges in such cases, I cited this *addendum* by its full title, as one of my authorities. For the few cases derived from the body of the pamphlet, as well as for the aid and comfort its author gave me in quoting and approving conclusions as to the methods of amending constitutions which I had announced in all the editions of my work, I deemed my reference to him by name, in the preface, as one of the numerous gentlemen to whom I was indebted for valued courtesies in supplying me with information and documents, a sufficient acknowledgment.

I may add, that Judge Bradley has not appeared to think me indebted to him for unacknowledged drafts of material from his pamphlet, since, months before the publication of my work, he asked for and received advanced sheets of that part of it relating to the Rhode Island case, for use in the discussion of the question soon to come on in the Legislature of that State. For these sheets I have received, through a gentleman associated with him in the discussion, the thanks of both, but no complaint that I had appropriated, without acknowledgment, valuable material from the Judge's pamphlet. JOHN A. JAMESON.

Chicago, October 11, 1887.

[Judge Bradley's pamphlet was issued more than two years before this last edition of Judge Jameson's book, and it was an important contribution to the subject with which it dealt. The addendum to which Judge Jameson refers *was a part of it*. In view of the considerable changes and additions made by Judge Jameson in this new edition, on the very points handled by Judge Bradley (he has added eighteen new pages), we must still think it inexcusable to have omitted any specific reference to the pamphlet. It is true that in the preface Judge "C. I. Bradley" [C. S.] is misnamed as one in a list of forty-seven persons to whom general thanks are rendered. We had not overlooked that; but it does not really affect the question. —Ed. Nation.]

ANOTHER VIEW OF HIGGINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You seem willing to print the actual facts in the case of the People against "Higgins." The writer is an "Independent Democrat" and a "Civil-Service Reformer," and hence no friend of Higgins; but the facts have never been fairly stated yet, so far as I have seen.

Some five or six years since it became necessary to elect new judges for the city of Baltimore. The Independent Democrats and Reformers concluded to put in the field a ticket of entirely new men, against the old judges, who were put in nomination by the regular Democratic party. After the issue was joined, Mr. Higgins approached the manager of the Reform movement and said that he had been a pretty bad fellow in politics, and made full confession of all his iniquities, and expressed a desire to work for the "new judge" ticket. His services were accepted, and he did work for and with the managers of the Reform movement. The Reform ticket was elected, and nothing was heard of Mr. Higgins until the Cleveland campaign, when he appeared in New York as one of the clerks of the National Democratic Committee, and did what he could to promote the election of Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Manning saw his value as a clerk during the campaign, and when he took office in Washington he gave Mr. Higgins a good clerkship. The appointment was probably made by request of Mr. Gorman.

Now it is submitted that the Reformers of Bal-

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timore at least have no cause of complaint. They accepted his confession and repentance, and made him one of their number, and it surely is not fair to punish him now for sins which they only knew through his confession, and which they condoned when they made use of his services.

W. JOHNSTON PRESTON.

[We believe it to be true, beyond question, that in 1882 Senator Gorman and Higgins did quietly afford whatever assistance they could, without exposing themselves publicly, to the new-judge movement. But Mr. Gorman's object, as we understand it, was to break down Whyte's influence in Baltimore, since the latter was responsible for the nomination of the old-judge ticket; and the election of the new judges would, therefore, tend to destroy his influence. These tactics were completely successful. Higgins's assistance and advice concerned the prevention of fraud, and could be properly accepted. In no other sense have the Reformers of Baltimore made Mr. Higgins "one of their number." In the course of the campaign Higgins confessed the details of the burning of the ballots in 1875; and our information does not lead us to believe that his sins came to an end in that year or in ten years. But we cannot here go into particulars.—ED. NATION.]

ONE MODEL TOWN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conditions which make up a model workingmen's town are manifold and complex as life itself. In view of your able and interesting comments on paternal experiments in town building, as in Mülhausen and Pullman, I would call attention to the town of Millville, where some of the elements of an ideal town have been evolved from the natural desire for self-betterment in the people, under conditions so far favorable that they were not hindered by idealists or capitalists, but were mercifully let alone.

Twenty-five years of building associations and fifteen years of enforced prohibition of saloons have produced a material prosperity which is of a different kind from the prescriptive goodness of the made-to-order towns. It is founded in the moral character of the men and women who have created it, and is correspondingly secure and permanent.

A generation of no saloons and easy home-building facilities has changed the character of the place from a town of factory tenements to one where over one-half of the working people live in their own homes. These homes are not crowded either within or without. They are comfortable cottages, with porticoes and gardens, costing from $1,000 to $5,000 each. Six building associations now issue about $100,000 annually for this purpose, and a large amount is spent from other sources. One hotel provides better accommodation for the travelling public now than four licensed taverns did with half the population in "license" days.

If Henry George wants to know how people value a freehold who have conquered a vice and built such a monument over its ashes, let him come down and try to disturb the "remains."

R. M. A.

MILLVILLE, N. J., November 15, 1887.

CHEER FOR PHILANTHROPISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Over against Mr. Sedgwick's doleful tale (*Nation*, No. 1161) of the insensibility of poor people to improved tenement-houses in Boston may be set a very different story told by Mrs. Backus in a paper on "The Need and Opportunity for College-Trained Women in Philanthropic Work," read before the New York Association of Collegiate Alumnæ last spring and recently printed. She describes tenement-houses erected in Brooklyn in 1877 and which observe every written and unwritten law for the comfort, safety, and moral purity of their inmates, which are filled the year round, paying returns of more than 6 per cent. upon the original investment, and which contribute—though they house 1,100 souls—not one feather's weight to the city's annual burden of crime and pauperism.

There must be some cause for this different state of things; it can hardly be taken for granted that human nature is all right in Brooklyn and is in need of a radical change in Boston. Mr. Sedgwick says that he has been an attentive observer of the experiment in Boston, but he does not say that he has questioned some of the families who have lived in the houses, and who have afterwards moved out of them, as to the causes of their dissatisfaction. To a scientific observer this would seem to be the natural way of getting at the reason of the failure. But even if such families are fond of darkness and dirt and publicity, it is not a change of human nature into some hitherto undiscovered species that is called for in their case, any more than in the case of so-called decent people who are fond of the common run of comic operas. It is merely the raising of one rank of people into the rank which is just above them, and whose example is constantly before their eyes, that the lover of his kind hopes in either case to accomplish. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago a cutting from a recent issue of your paper was sent me, with a request that I would answer the article on tenement-houses which it contained. Without in the least wishing to throw discredit on the kindly and conscientious efforts of those gentlemen to whom the writer of the article refers, I should be very glad to present a different view of the subject of tenement-houses, and to show wherein my experience in the management of them has been of a more encouraging nature than that of Mr. Sedgwick's friends.

To do this it is necessary to recall the work which was attempted. Five years ago it seems that a block of wooden houses was built by two gentlemen, one of them a physician, for a class of tenants who are obliged to live in tenements, not being able to afford separate houses. Every effort was made to secure the comfort and privacy of the tenants, and the tenements were offered to them at a very slight increase in price over what they would have had to pay for such accommodations as an ordinary tenement-house affords. As a result, Mr. Sedgwick tells us that the tenements have never been appreciated and are not sought for, and he gives us to understand that after five years, in which the owners of the property have spent both time and money in vain, they have become convinced that people of this class like to live in dirt and publicity rather than in cleanliness and privacy.

Now may I present my side of the question, and tell my story also? Nearly nine years ago a friend agreed with me that we would hire a large and much neglected tenement-house in Boston, and see for ourselves whether its condition could be improved. As a result we have found that tenants care very much to have rules enforced in regard to cleanliness and privacy; that they greatly prefer good management and careful supervision of the property to an easy-going or indifferent rule; that they are ready to help us to keep up the character of the house; and that they will put up with inferior accommodations for the sake of living in a tenement-house where rules are made and enforced.

Here is an entirely different state of things from that represented by Mr. Sedgwick, yet his expression of opinion is an honest one, and is entitled to consideration. Why has the experience of my friend and myself been so entirely different from that of Mr. Sedgwick and his friends? It seems to me that the answer is a very simple one. We did the work ourselves. We made no plans how the poor ought to live; we provided no houses which we thought exactly what the poor needed (though such houses have been the later outcome of our work). We went among them to collect our rents, and to oversee our house, and trusted that in time we should learn in just what direction we could be of use to our tenants. Only by daily and often almost hourly intimacy with their lives, could we hope to find out how to help those lives to be less cramped and degraded by the pressure of outward circumstances; only by being constantly on the spot could we learn how to be good landlords. This required greater leisure than a busy physician could probably afford.

Looking back over the nine years, I can still remember how at first our well-meant efforts were regarded with suspicion, but I can also remember gratefully the way in which that suspicion was gradually overcome. I can recall the pleasant thrill it gave me when the tenants first began to take a pride in the house, not merely in the care of their own rooms, but in the general aspect of the building. It is a small matter to mention, but it was no small evidence of good feeling when one woman, out of her own means, provided curtains for the windows of the common hall. It may seem of small importance, but to me it is worth remembering, that after the first year or two the wreaths which we hung in the corridors at Christmas remained untouched until Easter, and that, too, in a house where there are always eighty people, more or less.

Of far more importance was the improvement in the cleanliness and *quietness* of the house. Instead of the noise of brawling and drunkenness which prevailed before we took the building, a sense of order and quiet began to make itself felt, and I can remember such expressions as these: "I'm sure this house is like a palace to what it was." "You could hear a pin fall here now!" Yet we had attempted no rigorous reforms—the change had come gradually. We had insisted, quietly but firmly, on observance of rules—on cleanliness, on sobriety, on privacy; and, in time, the tenants themselves had come to desire these things.

Perhaps the whole matter can best be summed up in one word—we had taken *an interest* in our tenants and in their lives. No one can know, who has not been among them, how much it means to these people to have a friend, as well as a landlord, with whom to deal.

On one point only do I agree with Mr. Sedgwick, and that is in acknowledging that tenants of this class "prefer the fellowship of the crowd more than the retirement of the home"; and can we wonder at this? Is it strange that people who have many of them never known books, never heard good music, never had any rest or refreshment after the hard routine of their daily lives, prefer the slight excitement or amusement which comes from contact with their fellows, from some slight share in the give-and-take of the great world, of which, during their working hours, they form only a mechanical part? It has always seemed to me most natural that tenants should prefer small front rooms on crowded thoroughfares rather than better quarters in a more secluded situation. Why, the street is their theatre, their stage, almost their world! And it is surely better for a man to see it from his win-

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dows than to leave his family to go in search of it.

Such are some of my views in regard to tenants and their needs. If Mr. Sedgwick differs from me, I can only wish that it was in his power to hire a tenement-house for a year, and to see for himself whether there is not much truth in my side of the question as opposed to that of his friends.

In conclusion I should like to add that I have seen the same rules applied to twelve houses—some new, some old—and everywhere with equal success; and that this success I believe to be largely due to the keynote of *interest* which was struck in the beginning.—Very truly yours,

ALICE N. LINCOLN.

BOSTON, October 17, 1887.

CRUELTY TO WILD FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me, through your columns, to speak a word in behalf of the wild flowers that are perishing from the face of the earth?

Many charming varieties once found in this neighborhood have vanished from their accustomed haunts, and the same sad story may be repeated everywhere. Like "les neiges d'antan," they have passed away for ever—fallen victims, perchance, to the greed of gain, which strips the ponds of the water-lilies so thoroughly that none are left for seed, and despoils the fields and brooksides of their flowery treasure to sell in the streets of our great cities; or to the carelessness and folly of amateur botanists, or even of genuine flower-lovers, who dig up *all* the roots and pull *all* the flowers in the unlucky spots they visit.

The State of Connecticut, some time since, passed a law for the protection of the climbing fern; cannot there be some legislative action for the benefit of the yet fairer wild flowers? The wholesale destruction of birds for hat-trimmings has roused general indignation, and "Audubon societies" have been formed to save the feathered beauties from annihilation; why should not "Linnæan societies" do as much for these children of the woods and meadows, and save them and us from the fate that is impending?

N. W.

NEW BEDFORD, October, 1887.

BORROWED CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your paper of October 6 you speak of a "singularly thorough criticism" of Jean François Millet which appeared in the *Atlantic* for October, and which you say is called out by the recent exhibition of his works in Paris. You do not seem to have noticed the remarkable similarity between the conclusions of the writer in the *Atlantic* and those of the French artist and critic, Eugène Fromentin. On page 205 of his book on the old masters of Belgium and Holland, called 'Les Maîtres d'Autrefois' (E. Plon et Cie., 1876), Fromentin has the following paragraph:

"An extremely original painter of our time, a man of lofty enough soul, of melancholy temperament, of good heart, a true countryman by nature, has said about the country and about country people, about the hardships, the cheerlessness, and the nobility of their labors, things which a Hollander would never have thought of saying. He has expressed them in language slightly crude, and by methods in which the thought is clearer and more vigorous than the execution. His turn of thought has been immensely applauded. In it has been found in French art something of the sensibility of a Burns, less apt in making himself understood. To sum up, has he or has he not painted and left beautiful pictures? His manner, his utterance—I mean that exterior form without which the creations of the mind have neither being nor existence—has it the qualities necessary to stamp him a great artist and to give him the certainty of living long? He is a profound thinker measured with Paul Potter and Cuyp; he is a captivating dreamer compared with Terburg and Metzu; he has certain qualities undeniably noble when we think of the vulgarities of Steen, of Ostade, or of Brouwer. As a man he can put them all to the blush; as a painter, can he equal them?" G. A.

SUPPRESSIO VERI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, who had already written the 'Life of James Buchanan,' has furnished to 'Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography' the sketch of that President. It occupies seven and a half double-column closely-printed pages, yet in it all Mr. Curtis never mentions or alludes to the most memorable and characteristic act of that statesman's career—the Ostend Manifesto. The Ostend Conference was the culmination of Buchanan's diplomacy, and gives the positive side of his life-long policy, as his conduct in the closing months of the Presidency shows its negative side. Mr. Curtis glozes over the latter and totally omits the former. Is not this a serious literary offence? Are not the editors also to blame for allowing such omission of important fact?

J. P. LAMBERTON.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1887.

"IS BEING BUILT," ETC., ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After some delay, I am now enabled to write conclusively respecting two points touched on in a communication of mine published in No. 1143 of your paper.

Mr. T. L. Kington Oliphant, in his 'New English,' ii. 58, alleges that he finds, early in the seventeenth century, the phrase, "Italy *is being held* dangerous." Having lately succeeded in referring to the book which he loosely quotes for it, I there read: "For Italy begins to grow out of request: it *is being held* dangerous to our nation both for health of body and soul" ('Court and Times of James the First' [1848], i. 138).

Now that idioms of the type of *is being built*, in substitution for the simple indicative present passive, are occasionally met with, "*is being held* dangerous" would not strike one, if coming from a careless writer of our own age. But the date of the letter quoted is 1611; and it occurred to me, at once, that the passage given above, if not the result of tampering, curiously, and next to incredibly, offered an instance of the misuse of a locution antedating the ascertained existence of its use.

Its punctuation included, the sentence in question has been adulterated, faithless editing not having been content with "grow out of request, *as being held* dangerous" (Sloane MS., Mus. Brit., 4,173, fol. 253). For this information I am indebted to my obliging friend Dr. Charles Gross, who tells me, in his letter received this day, that the writing of the MS. "is very distinct."

As regards another matter which I previously spoke of, the printed "was being seducyd"—professedly occurring in a MS. written about 1534—it turns out that "was" there reproduces a word unmistakably marked for erasure. Of this I have satisfied myself by personal inspection, which, however, was hardly necessary, after I had seen the Latin original: "His Ioannis vocibus . . . qui . . . vel pecuniâ ab honestate, fide, probitate deductus, quid deceret, non consideravérat," etc. The English of this, with my own punctuation, runs: "With these woords of Iohn Chenelet, who . . . ether els, [was] being seducyd, by mony, from honestie, fayth, and good dealing, had not consyderyd," etc. ('Three Books of Polydore Vergil's English History' [1844], p. 166.) In passing, the MS. is imperfectly indicated by its editor, Sir Henry Ellis, as "MS. Reg. C. VIII. IX." This should be corrected to "MS. Reg. 18 C. VIII. IX."—Your obedient servant, F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, September 30, 1887.

Notes.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS will add to their present list of Robert Louis Stevenson's works his 'New Arabian Nights,' 'The Dynamiter,' and 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books.' They announce the following new publications: Mr. Stevenson's 'Essays,' including in the first volume the 'Virginibus Puerisque,' which has been for some time out of print; 'Sermons for Children,' by Dean Stanley; an 'American Girl's Handy Book,' by Misses Lina and Adelia B. Beard, with numerous illustrations of sports, games, and work; and 'Frau Wilhelmine,' a third volume of the 'Buchholz Family.'

Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, the well-known writer for the young, has begun the preparation of a series of books giving a history of the late civil war. The first of these, entitled 'The Drum-Beat of the Nation,' will be published immediately by Harper & Brothers. They also announce 'Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,' by Mr. Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum, being sketches of army life in France, Germany, England, and the United States, profusely illustrated by the author; Miss Blanche Willis Howard's story, 'Tony the Maid'; Col. G. W. Williams's 'History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion'; and a book of fairy stories for children, called 'The Wonder Clock,' told and illustrated by Howard Pyle, with characteristic decorations by his sister, Miss Katharine Pyle.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue as a holiday volume Hawthorne's 'Tanglewood Tales,' with illustrations by G. Wharton Edwards; a 'Book of Folk Stories,' the old favorites for children recast by Horace E. Scudder; and 'Hymns of the Faith,' by Profs. Harris and Tucker of the Andover Theological Seminary.

Estes & Lauriat, Boston, have in preparation an expensive gift-book, Keats's 'Endymion,' profusely illustrated with photo-etchings and wood engravings after paintings by W. St. John Harper.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press 'Burnham Breaker,' by Homer Greene; and 'Fairy Legends of the French Provinces,' translated by Mrs. M. Carey.

D. Lothrop Co. announce 'The Ignoramuses,' by Mary Bradford Crowninshield, author of 'All Among the Lighthouses'; a 'Life of Robert Southey,' from new material by John Dennis; and 'The Old Farm Home,' by Abbie M. Gannett.

'A Cyclopædia of Diseases of Children and their Treatment, both Medical and Surgical,' edited by Dr. J. M. Keating, will be published by J. B. Lippincott Co., the first volume being expected to appear in the early autumn of next year. The work will be of a "thoroughly practical character."

'Grant in Peace: from Appomattox to Mt. McGregor,' by Adam Badeau, will be a subscription-book published at Hartford.

A year ago (*Nation*, No. 1093) we had occasion to praise Mr. D. H. Montgomery's little text-book, 'The Leading Facts of English History.' Ginn & Co. have now brought out a revised edition, in which the slight criticisms we bestowed upon its predecessor have all been heeded. The maps and tables have been multiplied, and the book still more deserves the attention of teachers.

It is a gratifying thing to see so careful an historical student and accomplished a writer as Mr. Arthur Gilman employ his powers in the pre-

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paration of a series of school readers on American history (Chicago: Interstate Publishing Company). These readers are three in number: 'The Discovery and Exploration of America,' 'The Colonization of America,' and 'The Making of the American Nation'—the last reaching to the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. It seems to us that nothing could be better for their purpose than these books, which succeed in an unusual degree in compressing the entire course of American history into a very moderate space, and in telling the story in a style at once interesting and serious—no writing done for children, and no effort to attract by pictures. The books are intended to advance in difficulty from one part to another, but there is no essential difference in style. We hope these readers and others like them will partly supersede the popular readers which now have possession of our schools—for the most part a medley of disconnected selections.

Dr. W. S. Mayo's 'Kaloolah: The Adventures of Jonathan Romer' lends itself well to illustrations, and, after many years, this story has been revived by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with the aid of Mr. A. Fredericks, who supplies a large number of brush drawings for full-page engraving, and not a few pen-and-ink sketches scattered among the letterpress. Scenically and picturesquely, the larger illustrations are taking and effective, but the action of the characters, even in the most dramatic situations, is apt to be feeble.

From the same publishers we have the first two volumes in York Powell's series of "English History by Contemporary Writers." These are W. J. Ashley's 'Edward III. and His Wars' and the Rev. W. H. Hutton's 'The Misrule of Henry III.,' both of which have been noticed in the *Nation*, Nos. 1152, 1153. They are attractive little books, within and without—the illustrations being often contemporaneous with the text.

'Parlor Games, for the Wise and Otherwise' (Rochester: The O. M. Hubbard Co.) is a handy pocket collection, duly indexed, and well calculated to serve the purpose of innocent amusement.

Burke on 'The Sublime and Beautiful'; George Herbert's 'Temple'; and more selections from Plutarch's 'Lives'—Timoleon, Paulus Æmilius, Lysander, Sylla — acceptably enlarge Cassell's National Library.

Henry George sends us a paper edition of his 'Protection or Free Trade?'—the most useful of all his writings.

Sheets Nos. 10, 14, 15 of the New Jersey Geological Survey's Atlas of the State complete this admirable work. They all relate to the southern portion, from Salem to Delaware Bay, and from the Delaware River to the Atlantic, and exhibit in the usual detail the vicinity of Salem, Bridgeton, and Millville, respectively. New Jersey has now set a laudable example to all other States, and if it owes its place as a pioneer partly to its geographical position, which enabled it to profit very extensively by the labors of the Coast Survey, not a little must be set down to the intelligent direction of its own Survey under Prof. George H. Cook. A topographical Atlas like this, on a scale of an inch to a mile, and with contour lines and indications of altitude, is a great boon to residents and tourists, and will be seized upon by commercial map-makers for the improvement of their charts of New Jersey. They must make long strides, however, before they can rival the workmanship of this Atlas.

The fund for the education of the freedmen so wisely devised by the late John F. Slater of Norwich, Conn., is known to everybody; and all who admire philanthropy of so high an order will be glad to learn that Mr. Slater's portrait is prefixed to a semi-private volume of 'Addresses at the Dedication of the Slater Memorial Building' in the same town on November 4, 1886 (Cambridge: University Press). The building, which provides a public hall, lecture-rooms, a library, a museum, is a gift to the Free Academy of Norwich by Mr. William A. Slater, who thus honors his father—both visibly, in the fine structure, and in the perpetuation of public spirit from generation to generation. The addresses were one by the Rev. J. P. Gulliver—interesting for its revelations of the difficulties which popular education encounters from "politics," even in New England; and by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, who pointed out some of the ways in which the new building could be made to answer the intention of the donor.

The *Journal of [Animal] Morphology*, edited by C. O. Whitman and E. P. Allis of Milwaukee, and published by Ginn & Co., Boston, the long-expected initial number of which has just appeared, is the most ambitious American enterprise in pure zoölogy since the "Contributions" of the elder Agassiz, and, if duly sustained, will greatly advance science and be an honor to the country. This number contains seven papers by well-known naturalists; with a single exception, they are accompanied by admirable plates, and are either too technical or too long to have found place in other natural-history periodicals. Indeed, so far from injuring these latter, the publication of this journal should enable them to be more popular and more intelligible to those who are interested in science, but have neither the time nor the training for technical discussions. It is to be hoped that later numbers may present more of vertebrate anatomy and embryology, derived, among other sources, from papers which might otherwise be published, not altogether appropriately, in medical journals. Self-interest, pride of country, and regard for the progress of unmixed morphology, alike call upon every American zoölogist to aid in the firm establishment of this most commendable publication, produced as it is by the association of Boston with a city of the "Great Northwest."

Bulletin No. 1 of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture embodies a report on the Relation of Railroads to Forest Supplies and Forestry. A great variety of woods are exhibited as to their structure by means of photo-micographic transverse and other sections, on a uniform scale of 100 diameters. Appendices treat of wood ties and their decay and modes of preservation; of metal ties and spark arresters.

The sixth instalment of the 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War' (The Century Co.) is mostly given up to Gen. Buell's incisive "Shiloh Reviewed."

The latest American addition to the Tauchnitz series is Mrs. Burnett's delightful juvenile comedy, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'

That the northern half of Africa is essentially a Mohammedan country is known to most persons, but the fact is perhaps seldom borne in mind. One may see in the double No. 129-130 of the Journal of the Berlin Geographical Society a large map of the dark continent, in which shading and color are employed to manifest to the eye the extent and local relation of the various religions in Africa. The corresponding text is a paper accompanied by many statistical tables of missions. The author is Dr. A. Oppel.

The Bulletin of the Société de Géographie, just issued, is chiefly devoted to the annual review of the progress of geographical science during the year 1886, by the Secretary, M. Ch. Maunoir. Particular attention is, of course, paid to the French explorations in western Africa and the Congo Basin. The Vicomte Charles de Foucauld contributes a brief sketch of his adventurous journey in Morocco in the years 1883-84. On account of the disturbed state of the country, he was obliged to travel a great part of the way in the disguise of a Morocco Jew, under the name of Rabbi Joseph. He says that to be obliged to walk in the towns with naked feet, to receive injuries, and to be stoned occasionally, was comparatively nothing; but to be compelled to live constantly with this degraded race was an intolerable torment. Notwithstanding the danger of discovery, he was able to take frequent observations and to plot his route from day to day. This was the easier from the fact that his Oriental dress, and especially the Eastern custom of frequent prayer apart from one's companions, allowed him to take his observations unperceived. His map, which accompanies his paper, is a very beautiful specimen of cartography, and gives very full details, as, for instance, distinguishing by varied lines the living streams, the dry channels, and those which contain pools of water. M. Foucauld's observations are mostly of the interior, and not, where they might possibly have been looked for, along the Algerian frontier, considering the French designs upon Morocco.

It is announced that Dr. Junker, the well-known African traveller, is about to publish immediately a short account of the Mahdi's revolt. His maps will be ready soon after Christmas, and the account of his travels in the spring.

The *Annuaire de la Presse Française* (Boston: Schoenhof) is still published in its eighth year under the name of Émile Mermet, who died in 1884. It makes a volume of over a thousand pages, containing a very full list of the various periodicals and newspapers of France, with succinct but sufficient details in regard to them—the particular shade of their political opinions, something of their history; and not only the names of their responsible editors, but a list of their prominent editorial writers is frequently given, as well as much other information of general interest. During the year 1886 the number of Parisian publications was 1,993, while there were 3,100 in the rest of France, an increase in all of 343 since the previous year. It is interesting to note that there has been a slight decrease in the number of Republican journals of various shades, while there are sixteen more monarchical papers than in 1885, including under this name not only royalist, but also imperialist papers. The useful list of pseudonyms of writers in the French press is very much increased in the present volume.

The centennial of the first performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," which is to be specially celebrated at Salzburg on October 29, is also the occasion of a German work just published, entitled 'The Legend of Don Juan on the Stage,' by Karl Engel. In it, after treating of the historical character and the origin of the legend, he gives some account of the various stage adaptations of this story which have been produced during the past two hundred and fifty years. Another work, 'Mozart's Don Juan,' 1787-1887, by R. von Freisauff, contains a rich store of historical and statistical details in relation simply to Mozart's opera.

'Die Schätze des Goethe-National-Museums in Weimar,' consisting of sixty heliotype copies of portraits, busts, etc., of the poet and his family, of his bric-à-brac and his art efforts ("a surprising number of drawings by his own hand"), is announced to be published in ten parts (Weimar: Louis Held; New York: B. Westermann & Co.). The text will be furnished by Director Geh. Hofrath C. Ruland.

The author of the economic monograph on 'Federal Taxes and State Expenses,' which we lately noticed very summarily, shows us to have been in error in reporting him to assert that "three per cent. of the population of the country own more than two-thirds of all the property, and pay but one-fourth of the taxes." He really says this of three per cent. of the *taxpayers*. The correction gives an *à fortiori* emphasis to our dissent.

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—We recorded last week the death of Prof. John H. Wheeler at Newbury, Vt., on October 10. Something more than this passing mention is due to one who was not only a valued contributor to the *Nation*, but an ornament to American scholarship, and whose premature end at the age of thirty-six cut short a career of great promise. What was especially striking in his talent was its versatility. "He was," writes one who knew him intimately for a long period, "a walking edition of *Notes and Queries*. I never knew him at fault, upon *any* subject, for an answer to a question." He graduated from Harvard College in 1871, having during the course distinguished himself in mathematics and in the classics, and during the next year he taught in one of the leading Boston private schools. The law then attracted him, and he spent some years at the Harvard Law School, with every indication of having well chosen the profession. To teaching, however, he gravitated again, received the degree of Master of Arts in 1875, was a fellow of the Johns Hopkins University in 1876-7, held a Parker fellowship of Harvard University in 1877-80, which gave him three years in Germany and Italy and earned him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Bonn in 1880. Returned to America, he was for one year Professor of Latin at Bowdoin College, and then, in September, 1882, became Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia, where his strength broke down and a premonition of death overtook him. He resigned his post during the past summer. Prof. Wheeler was married in 1880, and leaves a wife and infant daughter. Among his unpublished literary remains are scholia on difficult passages in Horace and Euripides which deserve to see the light.

—We are glad to see that the "Johns Hopkins" studies of local institutions of self-government are not to be bounded by the imaginary line which separates the United States from Canada. The fifth and sixth (joint) numbers of the fifth series are 'Local Government in Canada,' by John George Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada. As might be anticipated, this monograph contains much matter of high historical interest, much also that deserves to be considered practically by citizens of the United States. The experiments made in the British colonies, to revive those institutions of local self-government which have become nearly extinct in the mother country, in a form adapted to the needs of the present age, are very interesting and valuable, as the result of careful and systematic examination into those needs, and not of the happy-go-lucky legislation which there is so much of on our side of the line. For, while we must recognize that our method, not being based upon theories, but growing out of immediate needs, is gradually evolving an American system of high practical excellence, we ought to recognize also that this process of evolution would be assisted, and the results improved, by more regard to historical precedents and theoretical considerations.

—In the ninth issue of the same series Mr. James Bryce, M. P., discusses in a most instructive manner 'The Predictions of Hamilton and De Tocqueville.' His aim is to indicate to students the utility of comparing the actual development of our Government with the hopes or fears of those who laid its foundations, and the vaticinations of later observers in its mid-career. For this purpose he chooses the *Federalist*, or, more exactly, Hamilton in the *Federalist*, and the 'Democracy in America.' He draws in the one case upon the objections to the Federal Constitution which Hamilton combated, the latter's own private apprehensions at the paring down of his ideal, and his public forecast of the working of the political machinery. On the other hand, Prof. Bryce gives what is really a most valuable analysis of Tocqueville's masterpiece, interspersed with acute criticism on his object and method. Thus, he lays stress on the fact that the French statesman was not engaged in a scientific examination of institutions and tendencies in this country, but had a constant reference to France, both in what he looked for and saw and in what, by a natural selection, he reported. Hence, imagining a type of Democracy, he inquired how far America had deviated from it, and "the facts he cites are rather the illustrations than the sources of his conclusions. . . . It is not Democracy in America he describes, but Democracy illustrated from America." "In many chapters he begins by laying down one or two large principles, he develops conclusions from them, and then he points out that the phenomena of America conform to these conclusions." "There is always some basis for every statement he makes. But the basis is occasionally too small for the superstructure of inference, speculation, and prediction which he rears upon it. To borrow an illustration from chemistry, his analysis is always right as far as it is qualitative, often wrong where it attempts to be quantitative." The second part of Tocqueville's work, issued in 1840, Prof. Bryce considers quite theoretical, and divorced from facts either as sources or as illustrations of his conclusions.

—Among Prof. Bryce's independent remarks many are striking from their sagacity, or for the light they throw on too familiar features of our institutions. Thus, he says of the perpetual conflict between the national Executive and the Legislature: "Wherever the President is weak or unpopular, Congress seems to be gaining on the Executive Chief. When the latter is presumably strong, he can keep the Legislature at bay." The amendment of particular provisions of the State constitutions without recasting the whole instrument he happily designates by the Swiss term Referendum—an analogy which would escape most Americans. He says of our national cohesiveness: "Nor does the growth of the Union make the retention of its parts in one body more difficult. On the contrary, the United States is a smaller country now, when it stretches from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of California, with its sixty millions of people, than it was then [in 1834] with its thirteen millions, just as the civilized world was larger in the time of Herodotus that it is now," etc. Not to quote more, we will say that this paper of Prof. Bryce's leads one to expect great things from his work on American institutions, now on the eve of publication. We remark a slip in the statement that, when Tocqueville wrote, "Washington Irving was probably the only author whose name had reached Europe"—whereas Cooper was then, as he perhaps still is, the best known American man (or woman) of letters that this country has produced. Nor is it accurate to say that the protective tariff was "imposed in the interest of the Northern and Middle States." The tariff was imposed by the South, under the leadership of Clay, and New England adjusted herself to it, and clung to it after the South had repented of it.

—The concluding volumes of the new translation by Miss Isabel Hapgood of 'Les Misérables' of Victor Hugo have just been published (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.). As in the handsome American reprint in French now in course of publication by William R. Jenkins, each of the five volumes in which the work appears contains one of the parts into which Victor Hugo divided his story. With their fine paper, clear print, and numerous illustrations, they make a very beautiful presentation of this most popular and most interesting of the author's stories. To expect of a translation of any of Victor Hugo's novels that it should be written in elegant and unstrained English would be unreasonably exacting in regard to a writer whose French is frequently as extravagant and unnatural as his manner of expressing his feelings and opinions is violent and abrupt. In this new translation, however, Miss Hapgood has performed the very difficult task of translating acceptably, and, at the same time, with the extreme of faithfulness, a work conceived as well as written in a manner the furthest removed from English ideals. In so excellent a piece of work it is to be regretted that the translator should have allowed herself to omit at least one long passage, the greater part of the chapter in the battle of Waterloo called "Cambronne." It is not worth while to discuss here the necessity or the literary morality of such omissions, but in this case Miss Hapgood pleads extenuating circumstances on the score of propriety, and the omission is at least honestly made and explained, unlike similar sins of translation by other writers, who, shirking such difficulties by means of paraphrases and omissions, give, in passages far less innocent than this, the impression of a thoroughly unobjectionable original, or, what is still worse, by mutilations and changes, an entirely misleading view of the author they misinterpret. But when a translator not only understands, but is able to render into another language, with such conscientious faithfulness as Miss Hapgood has here done, both the thought and the language of such an author as Victor Hugo, her translation deserves the highest praise.

—One of the consequences of Italian unity has naturally been the desire to concentrate learned and scientific institutions in the capital—not, indeed, by the destruction of those already existing in the provinces, but by remodelling old ones, or by creating new ones, imbued with a national rather than a local feeling. Such, for instance, is the new archæological institute which held its first sessions in Rome last winter, and such is the Istituto Storico Italiano, which has this summer held its third plenary session. It is composed of only fifteen members—four appointed by the Government, viz., Capasso, Correnti, Crispi, and Villari; six representatives of the deputations of Lombardy, Romagna, Venetia, Parma, Tuscany, and Modena—Cantù, Carducci, Lampertico, Linati, Tabarrini, and Vischi; and five sent by the existing Sicilian, Neapolitan, Lombard, Roman, and Ligurian historical societies—Amari, Bonghi, Calvi, Monaci, and Belgrano. The number of members was purposely made small, because the Institute is not an historical society in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but aims at giving greater development, unity, and system to the publication of the sources of national history, and especially at promoting those preparatory labors which exceed the limits and intentions as well as the means of the deputations and local historical societies. After full consideration of the field, the Institute decided on three things: to begin the publication, under the title of "Fonti per la Storia d'Italia," of documents not included in the collection of Muratori, or imperfectly and incompletely printed there; to start a catalogue of manuscript sources of Italian history, and to make a bibliography of everything relating to the national and municipal history of Italy printed up to 1884. Every publication is to be accompanied by a careful historical and critical preface, by notes, by a glossary, an index, and one or more facsimiles of the more important manuscripts, etc. A Bulletin of the Institute is also published, of which the second number has appeared, giving an account of its plan and intentions. The first publication, in an elegant octavo, is the 'Gesta di Federico I. in Italia,' edited by Ernesto Monaci, a heroic poem (Codex Vatican-Ottoboni 1463), composed at the Court of Barba-

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rossa between 1162 and 1166. The next publication will be the 'Prochiron Legum' in the Greek text, with the Latin translation and notes of Francesco Brandileone, from the Vatican codex 845. This is to be followed by the 'Cronaca di Giovanni Sercambi' (1164–1424), and others equally important.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

A BOOK which has brought upon its author violent protests from many sides, and finally a duel, is 'Le Cavalier Miserey, 21e Chasseurs' (Paris: Charpentier; Boston: Schoenhof). M. Abel Hermant is young, for it was in 1884 that he went through with his year of *volontariat* in the Twelfth Regiment of light cavalry, stationed, like the imaginary Twenty-first, at Rouen. This year he used to advantage, for he produced from his observations at that time a picture of contemporary French garrison life which, for its sincerity at least, could not be surpassed. But decidedly it will not do to say or write everything, as M. Hermant has found. As a literary work, 'Le Cavalier Miserey' shows the highest powers of observation, and a mastery of style which will give its author a very high place among the writers of the naturalistic school. But, as M. Anatole France says, speaking seriously too, "S'il y a dans la société humaine, du consentement de tous, une chose sacrée, c'est l'armée." Now it was this "sacred thing" which M. Hermant was accused of touching with disrespect. In former days, for tearing away the veil from other sacred things he would have incurred the penalties of the time. Now the Colonel of the regiment depicted in this graphic novel has ordered an *auto de fe* of the noxious volume, and in the *ordre du jour* which he caused to be read to the assembled regiment he calls the author *infect drôle*, and says: "Every copy of 'Le Cavalier Miserey' found in the quarters shall be burnt on the dunghill, and every soldier found with it in his possession shall be punished by imprisonment."

In an answer to this, in which he addresses himself to the Minister of War for redress, the author says he cannot but approve this measure of military police "if the Colonel thought he could see in the 'Cavalier Miserey' a single phrase which was of a nature to diminish, in the eyes of the men, the prestige of their superiors." And really, after reading his book, it is hard to understand how any one could see in it an attack upon that "sacred thing," the army. On the contrary, the Twenty-first Chasseurs lives and moves in it as a body to be admired, and the poor, simple-minded Cavalier Miserey finds himself gradually but thoroughly permeated with an intense, blind affection for his regiment, towards which, in spite of his final degradation, he has a feeling akin to the love that is felt for a living being. There are pages worthy of Zola in the book, though the writer is never brutal in his expressions. The noble figure of the Colonel, Count of Vermandois, appears just enough to make the informed reader think of the Duc de Chartres, who, indeed, was the Colonel of the real Twelfth at Rouen, though there are no personal details that are not pure fiction. The death of the horse of Miserey in the court of the barracks is the most graphic episode of the work. The language of the men, with its violent ellipses, is made very natural, never falling into caricature, as is usual in military novels, nor is it as coarse as some naturalistic writers might have made it. In fine, M. Hermant is fully justified in writing in his preface: "J'essaie le premier d'appliquer une vision artiste et les procédés du roman d'analyse à l'étude sur nature du soldat."

Benjamin Constant, in his 'Journal Intime,' mentions a physician who asserted that he could tell, by looking at a man's face, the disease he was destined to die of. In company, when others were giving themselves up to pleasure, he spent his time in thinking—Such a person will die of a brain fever, such a one of apoplexy, such a one of consumption. "A very cheerful amusement, indeed," adds the cynical Constant. M. Octave Mirbeau, the author of 'Le Calvaire' (Paris: Ollendorff; Boston: Schoenhof), belongs to the same race as that contemplative physician. At least the work which has brought him into notice would seem to indicate this. 'Le Calvaire' is the history of the gradual loss of all moral vigor and power of resistance to evil in a human soul. The author shows as much talent as boldness in his treatment of a very disagreeable subject. It is the old story, told so often since the days of the Abbé Prévost, but told this time in quite another spirit and with very different ends in view. The reader is, indeed, reminded of Des Grieux by the hero, and the heroine recalls Manon Lescaut, but it is rather by contrast than resemblance in each case. There is no question about the comparative morality of the two presentations of a similar situation, any more than there is about the greater truth to nature of M. Mirbeau's Juliette over all the Manons and Marguerite Gautiers who have preceded her. The book is painful from beginning to end, and often repulsive, but it is written with vigor and earnestness, and the author commands the attention and to a certain degree the admiration of the reader throughout.

'Le Calvaire' is complete in itself; but as a sequel, 'La Rédemption,' is promised, it is perhaps premature to pass a final judgment upon the work, the first of any importance of a writer still young, who has drawn attention in the past as a brilliant journalist, with the gift (which he has retained) of bringing upon himself a great variety of enmities. His present work, besides shocking many persons by its title, which seemed sacrilegious, roused much anger upon another score, even before it was entirely completed. It was appearing in the *Nouvelle Revue* when the announcement was made that the part which was to have appeared could not be published in the *Revue* because the army was represented there in a way that the editors could not approve. A few fragments essential to the story were given with the following part, and in subsequent numbers the work went on to its conclusion, the omitted portion appearing only when the whole was published in a volume. This omitted portion, which is only an episode in the hero's life during the Franco-Prussian war, is by far the best thing in the volume. It recalls, though remotely, Stendhal in the 'Chartreuse de Parme,' and more nearly Tolstoi in his most desolating war scenes, while the whole volume seems written under the influence of Dostoyevsky.

M. J. H. Rosny, in 'Le Bilatéral' (Paris: Albert Savine; Boston: Schoenhof), introduces his readers into the world of anarchists, communards, collectivists, evolutionists, possibilists, and socialists of various shades. The personages of the story, not always very amiable specimens of their class, are shown in their homes, their wine-shops, their noisy out-door demonstrations, and their disorderly public and private meetings, with a vividness and power surprising in so young a writer; for M. Rosny's only other volume, 'Nell Horn, de l'Armée de Salut,' was published only about a year ago. The hero of the present work, who is always ready to see two sides to every question (whence the name by which he is known, "le Bilatéral"), is a rather impossible character in the revolutionary circles in which he moves. He appears to mirror the contradictory feelings of the young and very impressible observer who presents to his readers in this work the best and highest aspirations of the strange revolutionary world which he has studied and reproduced with much sympathy and comprehension. Indeed, the great impersonal world of *la Révolte* fills up the background of many of the scenes, and sometimes, as in the commemorative demonstration of the *Semaine Sanglante* at the tomb of the *Fédérés* in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, or in the in-door meeting of the previous night, absorbs into itself the entire interest of the reader. There are few more thrilling passages in any contemporary writer than that in which the unreasoning outbreak at the cemetery is pictured in all its successive savage phases; or, in a different manner, the pathetically calm address to the assembled revolutionists of Mizel, the old communard, just released from long imprisonment. There is wonderful power and promise in these scenes, in spite of a certain studied obscurity of language, a constant use of uncommon or technical words or expressions made to do strange figurative service. The author is evidently inclined, when speaking in his own person, to fall into the worst faults of style of the impressionists, not to say the *décadents*. But when his characters speak, they do so with all the naturalistic bluntness and disregard of conventionalities of the personages of Zola or Huysmans. Unlike these writers, M. Rosny uses coarse and brutal expressions only incidentally, and, though he does not avoid them when occasion demands, he does not seek situations that would most naturally call them forth. He was therefore fully justified by the character of his writing in signing the protest, of which the *Nation* recently gave an account, against the latest work of Zola.

M. Jules Claretie, in 'Candidat' (Paris: Dentu; Boston: Schoenhof), has given a picture of French electioneering in which a world is represented less brutal but also less worthy of respect than that of 'Le Bilatéral.' M. Claretie is not a novelist of much force; but in his last book he has succeeded in giving a very vivid picture of a very ugly phase of modern democracy. His hero, the Commandant Verdier, is a thoroughly honest man, who allows himself to be thrust forward as a candidate for political position, although he has not the slightest inclination for political intrigues. The author has had every opportunity to see the methods of work in the Republican party, and his general moderation and urbanity of tone are such that we may trust him not to have overdrawn his picture, although he has taken the perfectly justifiable privilege, as a novelist, of depicting an exceptional case of French political manœuvring. There runs through the book a very interesting love story, of which the course is disturbed by the calumnies of the opponents of the candidate, who is throughout one of the most genial figures in modern French fiction. On the whole, 'Candidat' is a far better work than 'Monsieur le Ministre,' which brought M. Claretie's name into prominence as the first among the writers of what is called the *roman d'actualité*.

In 'Braves Gens' (Paris: Dreyfous; Boston: Schoenhof), M. Jean Richepin has evidently made an effort to write something which should not utterly frighten away those who still have certain *bourgeois* ideas of propriety and morality. He has succeeded in so far that those who are accustomed to modern French novels will rather wonder at the subdued tone of the reckless author of 'Les Blasphèmes.' It is true, he would have to make a still greater effort to succeed in portraying his *braves gens* without introducing material which *les honnêtes gens* would like not to find in a story. M. Richepin is gifted with a nature too exuberantly poetic to feel perfectly at his ease in scenes of common life. His

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braves gens are far from being commonplace mortals. They are all artists in every fibre, like the author himself. We feel that his simple-hearted musician, Yves de Kergouet, and his extravagant friend Tombre, are equally exponents of the author's own inner thoughts and feelings, in their long and always interesting discussions on music, pantomime, and art in general. With many vivid flashes of gayety, and a poetic treatment of scenes that a naturalist would have made vulgar prose, the book is on the whole sad and depressing.

M. Armand Silvestre is not a very serious writer—scarcely serious enough to be allowed a place in polite literature; but on the score of propriety his last volume is almost unexceptionable—'Au Pays des Souvenirs' (Paris: Frinzine; Boston: Schoenhof). The words "almost unexceptionable" are, however, true only in a relative sense, for the author of 'Le Livre des Joyéusetés' and of 'Le Dessus du Panier' seems to take an urchin-like pleasure in disregarding certain common conventionalities. But his *joyeux propos* generally appear worse at the first glance than they really are, and often his freedom of speech is mere playfulness. Even the sub-title of the present volume, 'Mes maîtres et mes maîtresses,' is merely a trick to catch the eye. But with all due allowance for what he calls "la gaieté française," it will not do to vouch too strongly for the propriety of any of M. Armand Silvestre's books. In the present one he discourses very pleasantly about the persons of note whom he has known: Théophile Gautier, Arsène Houssaye, Thérésa, and others. His first chapter is about George Sand, whom he remembers with that grateful warmth of affection which is common to all the younger generation of writers who knew her at Nohant in her serene and active old age. Indeed, the remembrance of this gifted and genial woman recurs again and again in the pages of M. Armand Silvestre. In "Les Villes lointaines" he talks of Toulouse, Antwerp, the Hague, etc., in the lyrical and picturesque fashion affected by the admirers and followers of Théophile Gautier. The volume closes with a short series of "Intimités," in which the rather too free story-teller reappears, to be wholly himself again as he reaches the last pages of his book.

Thomas Bewick. His Life and Times. By Robert Robinson. Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.: R. Robinson. 1887.

THE local cult of Bewick—the honoring of the prophet of modern wood-engraving even in his own birthplace—is of long standing and was never more flourishing than now. We owe to it not only his townsman's impulse to build this latest monument to the artist and to the man, but that access to collections which gives a peculiar value to Mr. Robinson's labor of love. Upwards of a dozen letters of Bewick to his brother, to booksellers, publishers, authors, and friends, are here published for the first time—one in facsimile; and the original blocks procured for this work and beautifully printed are such as will be highly prized by collectors of modest means, who can never hope to own the original impressions. Mr. Robinson, again, has dealt in all the articles relating to Bewick which now command such high prices—buying sometimes for himself and sometimes for others. But, above all, he is the first admirer of their father who has had the intimate acquaintance of the daughters of Bewick for a quarter century, as a qualification for the task which he has now accomplished so creditably.

A previous biographer, Mr. D. C. Thomson, called his meritorious performance a "Life and Works." Mr. Robinson's "Life and *Times*" exactly marks the distinction at which he aimed, and which will probably always belong to his memoir. It implies a purposed freedom of treatment, a neighborhood talk about the man and his environment, moving steadily forward with method and reason, and yet discursive at will; unfettered by chapters or table of contents (atoning for these with a good index); sometimes separating matters that might better have been grouped and coördinated; drawing constantly on personal experience without obtruding the author's personality. This natural, unaffected gossip and narrative is readable throughout, and is in singular sympathy with Bewick's well-known character. One feels in Mr. Robinson the ardent admirer and devotee, who, if a little excessive or undiscriminating in his art judgments, is not blind to the defects in Bewick's temperament, noticing the disputes which he might have avoided had he possessed less spirit, bluntness, and impulsiveness, and giving to the light correspondence which caused temporary misunderstandings with or alienation from his friends.

Mr. Robinson's general method has been to follow Bewick's career in the light and with the aid of his autobiography, which is occasionally quoted from at length. This story he supplements from divers sources, and takes up as he proceeds the men associated with Bewick in one way or another, even going as far back as 1716, to the beheaded Earl of Derwentwater, whose legend formed part of that border-warfare lore on which the boy was brought up. He gives a copper-plate engraving of this nobleman, and so he does of many a local celebrity, like Emerson Charnley, the publisher, or like Thomas Spence, the radical who undertook Bewick's conversion by cudgel, and repented of it; and in other cases he gives us on wood the faces of such formative friends as the Rev. Christopher Gregson (after Bewick), the bookbinder Gilbert Gray, etc. Then, still in passing, he reviews the sons of Newcastle who have won a name in art. Bewick disposed of, his brother John is presented in a very agreeable light, and an account of Robert Elliot Bewick, the less gifted son of Thomas, follows. Then the pupils of Bewick are taken up in order, and more light is thrown on the two Johnsons, on Nesbit, and Clennell, while Harvey and John Jackson are not overlooked. A list of Bewick portraits, and a catalogue of the principal works illustrated by Thomas and John Bewick, close the book, save that we have the tale of the Howdy narrated in that Northumberland dialect of which Bewick was a master, and for which he was cited as a *graphic* authority in Brockett's 'Glossary of North Country Words.'

The frontispiece of the volume is a careful wood-engraving after Good's full-length portrait of Bewick, the last for which he sat. In words we are shown this sturdy, hard-featured, pock-marked man, covering his bald crown (scalded in early youth) with a brown silk cap, for ever whistling at his work—at night replacing the customary engraver's lamp with two double-wicked candles. We see him at his home on Circus Lane or at Gateshead, in his early walks with his girls roused from their beds, at the Blue Bell Inn with his dog, who gives the signal when it is time to leave the little club that gathers there, or in the genial company of the Falstaffian Stephen Kemble, manager of the Theatre Royal. With a good ear for music, but one song is remembered of him, and he joined but once in the social dance. The inedited letters manifest his interest in his brother's welfare, in the fate of artist friends, like the unhappy Summerfield (engraver of Murphy's miniature of Bewick), in the preservation of the salmon ways in the Tyne, in the prevention of bank-note forgery, etc. Most of them naturally relate to his family and works, and the one dated March 21, 1786, proves that the 'British Birds' was in contemplation before the 'Quadrupeds' was off his hands. Freshest and most valuable of all are the extracts from Bewick's office copy of the 'Birds' for use in printing the sixth edition (1826)—the last which he supervised himself—and therefore containing marginal instructions to the pressmen in regard to the proper management of the cuts. In these we have a criterion for any edition or any copy of the 'Birds.' Mr. Robinson also gives Bewick's interpretation of sundry tail-pieces, and endeavors to explain—we confess, not clearly to our comprehension—the double printing of the vignette of a horseman riding in a pelting rain. He uses Miss Jane Bewick's caustic annotations on Charnley's reprobated reëdition of the 'Select Fables' of 1784; tells us about the fortunes of the stuffed bird which was the original model for Bewick's drawing of the land-rail, and that the last bird drawn and engraved by him was the white-throated nightingale, as the funeral procession from Cherryburn was his last and ominous engraving.

Besides the dialect tale of the Howdy, Mr. Robinson reprints part of the preface to the 1826 edition of the 'Birds' (not found in all copies), and the finely simple, pathetic tract to accompany the cut—in itself designed to be a tract for the prevention of cruelty to animals—the old horse "Waiting for Death." This cut, large, pleasing to nobody, because, if not to be called unfinished, it was incomplete without a companion block or blocks complementary to one another as in color printing, is here printed from the original block. So is the Chillingham Wild Bull, of which we may compare the impression with the much inferior one in Thomson's Life (after a proof with the border subsequently discarded). These two are the great illustrative features of the work, but other smaller cuts are to be numbered by the hundred, taken principally from 'Tales for Youth,' the 'Looking-Glass for the Mind,' the 'History of a Fly,' 'The Hive,' Somerville's 'Chase,' and from the Goldsmith. John Bewick and Clennell are thus largely represented along with their master. Jackson's engravings of Tynemouth Priory and other local antiquities mingle with specimens of the work of the other pupils already enumerated.

Mr. Robinson makes a charming story of his frequent visits to the Gateshead home of Bewick's daughters. He minutely describes its interior, filled with ancestral relics, amid which it was always in order and, indeed, inevitable to converse of the revered parent. It is a pity Mr. Robinson did not insert their likenesses—typical, fine-looking Englishwomen still, even in the nineties; Jane having her father's strength of lineament and of character; Isabella recalling her mother (we may assume), and more retiring. These interesting women Mr. Robinson confirmed in their half intention to publish Bewick's autobiography, a service for which all lovers of English literature are indebted and should be thankful to him—Americans among the rest, only two of whom, by the way, are on his subscription list. Fortunately he did not persuade them to omit their father's liberal religious and political speculations, which make so large a part of the man. This autobiography deserves to be reprinted as sumptuously as is the present superb volume, and to be illustrated by Bewick himself—*i. e.*, with all those vignettes which introduce his own person (like the Snow-man, or Tracking the Hare in the Snow), or the localities associated with him, or exhibit his boyish sports and experiences, or the manners of the time, or are distinctly alluded to in the autobiography, and with the various portraits extant of him and of his friends. Such a book, undertaken with knowledge, taste, and enthusiasm, would be the fitting complement of Thomson's, Dobson's, and the present biographies, and would be sure to meet with

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a cordial welcome; but the compiler would have to ask Mr. Robinson's permission to use a good deal of the fresh material in his indispensable 'Life and Times.'

The Isles of the Princes, or the Pleasures of Prinkipo. By Samuel S. Cox. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

THE credit which has been so ingenuously accorded to our Government by a foreign critic, of sending literary representatives to the various European Governments, seems to have a specious justification in the legation to Constantinople, since each minister there appears to be taken with the itch for writing—partly, it may be, in recognition of the utter uselessness of the legation for all and any good purpose, except to give some scholar leisure to study, and partly in a disposition to follow (thus far, however, *haud passibus æquis*) our long-time admirable and revered Minister to the Sultan, George P. Marsh. But if the Department of State means to commit the country to the consequences to its literary reputation of the production of such books as 'The Isles of the Princes,' the legation may be abolished at once. The descent in the scale of literary merit from Marsh to Lew Wallace, and thence to "Sunset" Cox, can be continued no further without coming to yellow covers or Sunday *World* supplements.

The most wearisome feature of American literature at this present day is its tendency to unrestrained and unrelieved joke-making, as if Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Petroleum Nasby had started a stampede in the field of letters which was becoming a wild and blind race of badinage, likely to carry with it the entire literary generation. American humor is a commodity of which a little, like Cayenne pepper, goes a long way when it is good, but which, when a book is filled with it, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred becomes a bore; for even Attic salt is bad diet. Mr. Cox is not "the hundredth man." As literature, his book is bad form and flimsy substance. The Isles of the Princes are the famous islands which lie off the Bosphorus, and are the favorite summer resort of the wealthy and diplomatic world of Constantinople. The book, nominally devoted to them, embraces all the Levant (which Mr. Cox, like most green American travellers, persists in calling the *Orient*), rakes together gossip about the subject proper, the history and topography of the suburbs of Constantinople, Greek and Roman history, Carthage, Bithynia, Hannibal, the San Stefano and Clayton-Bulwer treaties, Broussa and Asia Minor generally, and as much irrelevant matter as was needed to make up the requisite number of pages. Evidently Mr. Cox has no sympathy with the pathetic complaint of Agassiz, that he "had no time to write a *small* book," for he might have left out three-fourths of his writing and made a better book, and possibly even a tolerable book, since he would have had time to pay some attention not only to style, but to accuracy of details. He might, for one thing, have avoided the almost invariable misspelling or miswriting Greek words, as, for instance, "*kale mare*" for *kal' emeros* (good day), and "*kale spero*" for *kal' esperos* (good night), not risking the Greek letters, though among other attempts he writes elsewhere πῶιος τὸ ἐξεῦζε (*sic*), which shows that he knows nothing of modern Greek, even if he had not taken the pains to inform us that the cultivated Greeks of Athens do not understand the language of the country people—which is about as sensible as saying that Bostonians do not understand the talk of the people in Vermont. Of the author's style and humor the following is a favorable sample; it occurs in a digression on petroleum:

> It is generally supposed that Job was a rich man. Perhaps many of his boils and broils came out of the fact that he was an opulent liver. Considering the land of Uz *as we now find it*, one would suppose there was very little wealth in it. We have not a very clear idea of it. Job must have worked several gangs of slaves on fruitful ground in the desert. He had some connection with the petroleum industry of the Euphrates, although it has never been thoroughly acknowledged. Job acquired his large fortune from the uncertain element of the petroleum wells. Sometimes they gave him abundance; at other times, like the wells around Pittsburgh, they gave him nothing. There can be little doubt that when his wells caught fire it spread fire in the prairie, and not only destroyed houses and flocks and children, but reduced Job to a considerable amount of profanity and scalding sores."

Imagine 381 pages of miscellaneous, questionable, and incongruous information jerked at you in that style, or in this: "Open a page of Gibbon. Read the story of these emperors. Select one whom you may call a sample. Take Manuel. He was a Comnenus." In speaking of the change from Greek to Turkish rule, he says: "In the old *Arabic legislation*, municipal rule was not the exception. The Ottoman did not greatly change the general polity and administration of affairs when Turkey was conquered from the Greeks. Both systems were decentralizing . . . One of the changeless things in this country is the fixed fact that, while the Greek emperors ruled, there were the same capitulations or privileges extended by the Greeks to the Turks as the Turks now extend to the Greeks and Franks"! He tells us that the cavass "from the Albanian Mountains" is a native of Croatia, and "is in the old Greek costume," and then gives us a photograph of him, which proves to be a Montenegrin in full national dress, no wise resembling "old Greek" or Albanian. He speaks of the "bamia" as a novelty to us, not knowing that it is the common gombo. He assures us that "still the classic books generally regard Fano as the old Ogygia." He says "St. Mark's at Venice is but a copy of St. Sophia, almost its original"! "The latter was spoiled to decorate the former." Further, that "'Ouida' *lives and writes in Venice*, and receives much of her weird and luxurious fancies out of its very stones." "In spite of all efforts to save the splendid pile of St. Mark's, it is cracked irremediably. *The lagoons, like time, are slowly hiding its beauties.*" "The very crozier of the Patriarch, with its eagle and serpent, is copied from the *baton of Jove*"! "There are taxes, *the old octroi*, levied here upon donkeys and carriages," etc. Mr. Cox follows his immediate predecessor in his admiration of the Sultan, whom he considers "wise beyond most of his subjects," and, like Gen. Wallace, he is anxious that the world should know their friendship, for "when we were visiting Egypt in February, 1886, I received a note from the Princess to call at her palace. She desired to prefer a request of the Sultan (*sic*), whom she knew to be my friend."

The want of ordinary care in making up the book is comically shown in a description of one of the views the author finds:

> "We pass round point after point of Halki, until between Halki and Antigone there opens a vista scarcely credible in its loveliness. Chatok-Dagh, the highest mountain of the mainland of Asia, *is in our rear*. . . . The shore line and mountain make a landscape over which and through which there hangs an interpenetrating lustre and distant unveiling which would make Bierstadt wild with artistic enthusiasm."

We are, as a general thing, accustomed to find the views we go to see before us; but when they are accompanied by interpenetrating lustre and overhung by distant unveiling, we do not know exactly how to take them. We are told, which is the only apology we can conceive of for the composition of this *omnium gatherum*, that "I am forbidden by my wife and other powers to write for publication on political and social themes pertinent to this capital of diplomacy [which does not prevent a chapter of scandal at the expense of Bulwer]. Having, however, the *cacoethes* equal to any Scotchman, I must be writing something at odd moments." We have only to add that the illustrations are so bad that one has no cause to regret their being put in this particular volume.

Palestine in the Time of Christ. By Edmond Stapfer, D.D., Professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. A. C. Armstrong & Son. Pp. xii., 527.

THOMAS ERSKINE used to tell a story about the rise of the modern critical spirit. Miss Dundas, he said, was trying to interest a poor woman, whom she was calling upon, in the narrative of her father's, Sir David, recent visit to Palestine. The result was to give a great shock to the devout Scotchwoman, who at last exclaimed, with a gasp of incredulity: "Ye'll no' tell me that there's such a place on earth as Jerusalem!" The good creature was as much startled as if she had been told of a meeting with the angel Gabriel. To her mind any place or person mentioned in the Bible took on at once an altogether supernatural and unearthly character. It is easy to say that all this has been changed, and that great attention is now given by religious teachers to the setting of the Bible story; yet it remains true that, in the popular mind at least, Hebrew literature is thought of as let down, like the sheet of Peter's vision, bodily out of heaven. That prophet and apostle were of flesh and blood, and walked upon actual ground, is now pretty well settled; even that a study of Oriental customs and the geography of Palestine helps to explain the Scriptures, is commonly admitted; but that a broader search after the antecedents of Jewish and Christian religious ideas—an analysis, though on no larger scale than that of Prof. Stapfer's book, of the social and religious life of the Jews, with an eye to the resulting influence on the teachings of Christ and the apostles—is something foreign as yet to the general mind, may be inferred from the way the general mind will revolt from this conclusion of the author's: "Upon many important questions Jesus shared the views of His contemporaries. . . . He owed much to the Pharisees. He adopted their doctrine of Providence and of the resurrection of the body. . . . Jesus borrowed from the Essenes. . . . The exegesis adopted by Him is sometimes the same as that of His contemporaries. He certainly shared the current ideas of His nation in reference to demons and evil spirits. This must be obvious to any one who reads the Gospels with unbiassed eyes. In a word, He was a Jew all His life" (pp. 489–90). Yet this is only the guarded inference of one who has just gone over, as carefully as possible, all the facts in the case, with no prejudice except in favor of Christianity. In other words, just as the Scotchwoman of Erskine's story had to substitute a Jerusalem of stone and brick for her city in the clouds, so will the attentive reader of such a book as the one before us see that it puts the natural in many places where the supernatural has long held undisputed possession.

From what we have said, the nature of this latest fruit of Prof. Stapfer's Talmudic studies may be gathered. In a pleasant and popular style, making no display of learning, he sets forth the facts in regard to the social and religious life of the Jews of the time of Christ, holding himself faithfully to the promise of his preface to confine himself to a "statement of facts compiled and collated with all the exactness of which I was capable, leaving it to the reader to draw the conclusions which force themselves upon

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every candid and unprejudiced mind." His sole aim was to fill the gap which he found in French literature in the absence of a thorough contemporary history of the New Testament. His critical position is certainly conservative as compared with that of many Germans, being much less advanced than that of Keim, for example. He admits errors and irreconcilable discrepancies in the Gospels, and would appear to believe in no miracle except that of the character of Christ. While we have books in English that cover the same ground, there would still seem to be a place for a work like this one, at once scientific and popular. It has not the range of Schürer (accessible in English since two years ago), but seems to us better fitted for general reading. The translation, barring some minor slips, appears to be thoroughly well done.

The Teaching of Geography: Suggestions regarding principles and methods for the use of teachers. By Archibald Geikie, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 1887. 12mo, pp. 202.

GEOGRAPHY is for the most part taught in our American schools in such a dull and perfunctory way that a very general impression of its uselessness as a school study has been gaining ground. And yet there is no study more capable of being made at once useful and intensely interesting, if only teachers would cease to teach the book, and undertake to teach their pupils about the *earth*. In this, as in every other department, nothing can take the place of a gift for teaching, whether natural or acquired; and the best method and most fertile suggestions will fail with an incapable instructor. Any one, however, who has an ambition to teach geography well, will find it to his advantage to study Dr. Geikie's admirable little book, which the best equipped and most experienced among us cannot read without profit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashley, W. J. Edward III. and his Wars. 1327-1360. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 60 cents.
Barrows, C. M. Acts and Anecdotes of Authors. Boston: New England Publishing Co. $1.50.
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Part 6. The Century Co. 50 cents.
Beard, Lena and Delia B. The American Girl's Handy Book. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
Browne, Alice. Fools of Nature: A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.50.
Bryant, Sophie. Educational Ends, or the Ideal of Personal Development. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Bugbee, A. G. Exercises in English Syntax. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Canton, W. A Lost Epic, and Other Poems. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.
Cone, Helen Gray, and Gilder, Jeannette L. Pen Portraits of Literary Women by Themselves and Others. 2 vols. Cassell & Co. $3.
Coues, Dr. E. Key to North American Birds. General Ornithology and Field Ornithology. Third ed. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $7.50.
Cox, S. S. The Isles of the Princes; or, the Pleasures of Prinkipo. With Map and Illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Cox, P. The Brownies: Their Book. The Century Co.
Deulin, C. Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose. Done into English by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.
Doyle, J. A. English Colonies in America: The Puritan Colonies. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co. $7.50.
Egar, Rev. J. H. Christendom, Ecclesiastical and Political, from Constantine to the Reformation. James Pott & Co.
Elementary Flower Painting, with Colored Plates. Cassell & Co. $2.50.
Erroll, H. An Ugly Duckling: A Novel. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
Ewell, Prof. M. D. A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence. For the Use of Students at Law and of Medicine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Fessenden, Mrs. Laura C. S. A Puritan Lover. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Fisher, Prof. G. P. History of the Christian Church. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.
Foster, S. C. My Old Kentucky Home. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.50.
Foster, S. C. The Swanee River: Old Folks at Home. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.50.
Frith, H. The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. Cassell & Co. 50 cents.
George, H. Protection or Free Trade? Henry George. 35 cents.
Grant, R. Jack Hall; or, the School-days of an American Boy. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.
Guinness, H. G. Romanism and the Reformation, from the Standpoint of Prophecy. A. C. Armstrong & Son, $1.50.
Habberton, J. Country Luck. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Hawthorne, N. Little Daffydowndilly, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
Hawthorne, N. Tanglewood Tales for Girls and Boys. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Hugo, V. Les Misérables. [English ed.] In 5 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hutton, W. H. The Misrule of Henry III. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 60 cents.
Ismay's Children. By the Author of 'Hogan, M. P.' Macmillan & Co. 50 cents.
Jessopp, A. Arcady for Better for Worse: A Study of Rural Life in England. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
King, W. C. The Gnostics and their Remains, Ancient and Mediæval. 2d ed. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.
Larden, W. Electricity for Public Schools and Colleges. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Littell's Living Age. Vol. 174. Boston: Littell & Co.
Living Voices of Living Men. Practical Sermons, by Bishops and Clergy of the Church. Thomas Whittaker. $1.25.
Loomis, S. L. Modern Cities and their Religious Problems. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.
Mace, Frances L. Under Pine and Palm. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $2.
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Mayo, W. S. Kaloolah. The Adventures of Jonathan Romer. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Mohammed Benani: A Story of To-day. London: Sampson Low & Co.
Morris, M. Claverhouse. [English Worthies.] D. Appleton & Co.
Munsey, F. A. Afloat in a Great City: A Story of Strange Incidents. Cassell & Co. $1.25.
Norris, W. E. Major and Minor: A Novel. 2 vols Henry Holt & Co. $2.
Peck, Dr. W. G. Elementary Treatise on Analytical Mechanics. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Pittenger, W. Daring and Suffering; A History of the Andrews Railroad Raid. The War Publishing Co.
Pope, J. H. The Stare: The Rudiments of New Zealand Sociology. For the Use of Beginners. New Zealand: By Authority.
Rawle, Dr. W. H. A Practical Treatise on the Law of Covenants for Title. Fifth ed., revised and enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Robinson, R. E. Uncle Lisha's Shop: Life in a Corner of Yankeeland. *Forest and Stream* Co.
Robinson, R. Thomas Bewick: His Life and Times. Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.: Robert Robinson.
Ross, W. T. Voice Culture and Elocution. Revised edition. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.
Rutherford, R. C. Henry George *versus* Henry George. A Review. D. Appleton & Co 50 cents.
Schouler, J. Treatise on the Law of Bailments, including Carriers, Innkeepers, and Pledge. 2d ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Scudder, H. E. The Book of Folk Stories, Rewritten. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 60 cents.
Spencer, J. A. Five Last Things: Death, Intermediate State, Resurrection, Judgment, Eternity. Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents.
Steele, J. D. Popular Chemistry. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Stockton, F. R. The Hundredth Man. The Century Co.
Strong, G. A. The Church *versus* Christianity. Boston: Damrell & Upham.
Tomkinson, E. M. The World's Workers. Sarah Robinson, Agnes Weston, Mrs. Meredith. Cassell & Co. 50 cents.
Van Dyke, Rev. H. The Story of the Psalms. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Walworth, Jeannette H. Southern Silhouettes. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Winter, J. S. Mignon's Husband. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
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Woolley, Lelia Parker. Love and Theology: A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.50.
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